

THE LANCET:

Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 449.

FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—At a General Assembly of the Academicians, held on Monday, the 31st of January, JOHN FREDERICK LEWIS was ELECTED an ASSOCIATE of that Institution.

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MR. JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of the poetical drama of "Love's Martyrdom," and formerly Editor of the "People's Journal," "National Magazine," &c., is prepared to LECTURE, during the ensuing Spring, on THE POET: his HISTORY and CHARACTER. Lecture I., "The Poet's Workshop." Lecture II., "Poets in Action." Mr. Saunders's present engagements are for London, Croydon, Ventnor, Plymouth, Dudley, Birmingham, Leeds (second lecture), Manchester, Crief, &c. A syllabus, with terms, will be forwarded on application.—Richmond, Surrey.

JOHN B. GOUGH will DELIVER an ORATION in EXETER HALL, on MONDAY, Feb. 14th. Doors open at seven o'clock; chair taken at eight o'clock. Tickets for platform or central seats, 1s.; body of the hall, 6d. To be had at 337, Strand.

RESERVED SEATS, price 2s. 6d. each, for Mr. GOUGH'S ORATION next Monday evening, may be had by application to the Office of the National Temperance League, 337, Strand, where a Plan of the seats may be seen.

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Its plans are to procure Public Halls, School-rooms, and other convenient places, at a small cost, and to supply Evening Readings from English Literature adapted to interest and amuse a general audience; such as the works of Shakspeare, Scott, Goldsmith, Dickens, Macaulay, &c. &c. Some seats will be reserved for those who can afford to pay for the accommodation at the uniform charge of One Shilling, which will be their contribution towards the cost of providing for the poor.

With this exception the Rooms will be opened to any person on payment of One Penny; and no more will be admitted than can be comfortably seated. As soon as the room is full, the doors will be closed. The Readings will begin at Eight o'clock precisely, and close at Half-past Nine.

N.B.—The aid of Subscribers will be required to defray the expenses of the Society, and those who approve the object are requested to put down their names for some Annual Contribution, however small.

Public Institutions, Clergymen, and Parish Authorities, would much promote the objects of the Society, by lending the use of Rooms convenient for the purpose.

Competent Readers are invited to give their assistance.

Communications, subscriptions, offers of rooms for the Readings, &c., are to be addressed to the Acting Secretary, MR. JOHN COLLETT, at our Chambers, 1, Essex-court, Temple, or to EDWARD W. COX, or CHARLES J. PLUMPTRE, Hon. Secretaries.

READERS.

The following Gentlemen have engaged to read: Rev. F. D. Maurice, Rev. J. M. Bellew, Rev. W. H. Brookfield, Rev. J. G. Lonsdale, Rev. A. Watson, Rev. O. F. Owen, E. W. Cox, Esq., G. Harris, Esq., F. Lawrence, Esq., C. J. Plumpton, Esq., E. Powell, Esq., W. C. Kent, Esq., W. C. Stockdale, Esq., Rev. W. C. Howell, P. Blundell, Esq., F. S. A., Charles Fawcett, Esq., and S. C. Hall, Esq.

Full-mall—Modern English Pictures and Drawings. **MESSRS. FOSTER** will SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall-mall, on Wednesday, the 2nd of March, at One o'clock, an assemblage of Modern ENGLISH PICTURES, from various private collections; including a fine gallery work, Flora and Attendants, by H. Howard, R.A.; the Fortune Hunter, Redgrave, R.A.; and examples of

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To Bookellers, Scholastic Institutions, Stationers, and others.—Important Stock of many thousand volumes of valuable Books, in every department of educational, classical, and general literature: Maps, Globes, a large stock of Stationery, valuable Trade Fixtures, together with a small Book-work office.

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 place on Thursday, March 3rd, in St. James's Hall. Further
 particulars will be duly announced.
 JOHN A. IRELAND, Secretary, 18, Newman-street, W.

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 Yealinton.

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 West end. Yesterday evening the St. James's Hall was
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 humbug, and the illustrative jokes, all went with their usual
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TO VOLUME XVII. of the CRITIC is
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NOTICE.

THE CRITIC is REMOVED
 TO
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 To which address all Communications, Advertisements, &c.,
 should in future be sent.

DAY OF PUBLICATION.

TO accommodate the Country Trade, and
 to facilitate the transmission to the provinces, THE
 CRITIC, from and after the commencement of 1859, will be
 published at 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY. All Communications,
 Advertisements, &c., must reach the office not later than
 5 o'clock p.m. on THURSDAY, to insure attention in the current
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 Literature and Art of the time.

CRITIC Office, 19, Wellington-street North, Strand, W.C.

THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

THE EXPLANATION of the plans of the Government as to the National Gallery and the Royal Academy, made by Mr. DISRAELI in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening, has made a general impression of measureless content. A full house, including a numerous body of members holding strong convictions on the question, waited for the information; but were totally disarmed by the boldness and ease of the CHANCELLOR's arrangements, and the confident tone of triumph with which he announced them. The pledge he gave that the Royal Academy should leave Trafalgar-square was the kernel of the question, which amply satisfied every hearer. To what spot the Academy would be removed, or whether it would expend its own funds in erecting a house, or beg the cost of the nation, but slightly interested any one. The promise of removal removed in all minds any distaste to the temporary transfer of the national pictures to Kensington. The "Gallery of galleries" remained in its fit place, and the projects and erection of Kensington, the liberality of the Academy, and other points of embellishment in the speech, were regarded as inappreciable trifles. Mr. DISRAELI may take full credit for a masterly solution of a difficulty which RUSSELL, GLADSTONE, LEWIS, and PALMERSTON have flinched from or blundered over for the last fifteen years at least. It is also a really important act of deference to public opinion and the protests of the press. In accomplishing it Mr. DISRAELI has sunk all his previous opinions, for he has been one of the most ardent advocates of the removal of the entire gallery to Kensington. We may fairly suppose, too, from the long consideration and varying proposals which, from Mr. DISRAELI's speech, it is plain the question has gone through, that the articles which the CRITIC first of all the press published on the position of the question from the month of October last, have had an influence in its settlement. Our statements were doubted, contradicted, and disregarded by other journals, particularly as respected the intention to use the old Riding-school; but the CHANCELLOR's speech is our ample justification, and is in its tenor the very echo of our words.

A pragmatism contemporary cloaked its own ignorance, or, it may be, its connivance with the designs of the Kensington party, by designating our statements "newspaper rumours;" but that journal can now perhaps explain why it was silent on this national question, so interesting to the artists, lovers of art, and intellectual England generally. The CRITIC expressed its fears at the course the question was likely to take during the recess, in October last, and in successive articles fixed attention to the phases it underwent. Two definite results of that attention are the abandonment of Carlton-ride for a gallery, and the removal of the Academy from Trafalgar-square.

The importance of the changes detailed by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER can scarcely be seen at the first glance. We accept them, and trust that no change or postponement will be allowed to prolong the period in which it is to be carried out. We might express our conjectures that the removal to Kensington of the British pictures has been the leading motive of the CHANCELLOR's efforts to settle the question and the cause of the other arrangements, especially that of the removal of the Royal Academy; but, if faith be kept in the matter, the reason why will not be enquired into.

Did the PRINCE of WALES really require possession of his house after all? We ask the question because it is even now stated that the Foreign Office establishment will be removed to Marlborough House whilst Messrs. SCOTT and WYATT proceed to build the new Indian Office on the old site. If this turn out to be fact, the speech of the CHANCELLOR is but a clever, plausible deception and juggle, and the temporary removal of the pictures to Kensington only the prelude to some deeper scheme.

This addition to the gallery already existing at Kensington is plainly a cardinal point in the arrangements, and whether the pictures return to Trafalgar-square or not, we may expect that the new building will always be used for this purpose. By one means or another, the collections at Kensington constantly increase, and at the present rate may equal in area the British Museum in another ten years. If such exhibitions have uses at Brompton, other suburbs may claim the benefit as well; and we may anticipate that Bethnal-green and Southwark will require the luxury of a picture gallery in a few years. Well, why not? Perhaps Mr. DISRAELI foresees this.

The establishment of the Royal Academy in a building of its own is the other great feature of the new scheme. It will be the most important event in its history, insuring to it an independence and freedom which should cause it to develop its functions to an extent equal to the spirit of the age. It involves, perhaps, an entire remodelling of its laws and rules, a broader basis and more active life; but this must be its own work, and by its own conduct it must prosper or decay. It may be the one step required to raise the Royal Academy to the highest position among the art institutions of Europe. The new structure in Piccadilly will offer another splendid opportunity to architects, and should greatly add to the grandeur and magnificence of our public buildings.

It only remains to put on record the pledge given by Mr. DISRAELI

at the conclusion of his speech: "The result will be that, I hope, at the end of two years the Royal Academy will be established in their new building on the new site; that the building in Trafalgar-square will be completely devoted to the national collections, including the TURNER and VERNON collections; and that there will then be left to the country for the expenditure which they are now incurring, a building at Kensington which will be of the greatest use to the Government on many occasions and for many purposes."

AFTER hearing Mr. S. C. HALL's lectures upon "The Authors of the Age" *in extenso*, we entirely ratify the first impression which we derived from the rehearsal of selected portions upon which we originally founded a prediction of the entire success of the undertaking. In the first place, as to manner: it may be noted that Mr. HALL's delivery is graceful and pleasing. There is no straining after effect, yet the best effect is given to everything he says. When he wishes to be pathetic, he can be so naturally; and when his theme is jocular, he never fails to raise a hearty laugh. Clear, expressive, and totally within his management, his voice is equal to all the exigencies of his task, and he uses it as a good servant should be used, sufficiently, but not by over-taxing it. But, to come to the more important consideration, the matter of the lectures: we say, as we have said before, it is excellent and highly entertaining—qualities which do not invariably go hand-in-hand. The traits and anecdotes which have been drawn from personal memories are naturally the best; indeed, we are not quite sure whether these lectures might not be improved by the rejection of everything which Mr. HALL has not derived from his own experience. The first lecture was decidedly too long, by a least half an hour, and that space of time might well have been saved by the omission of the anecdotes about SYDNEY SMITH, most, if not all of which appeared in his "Memoirs," published scarcely four years ago, and which are familiarly known to all the reading world. Several of the sketches, moreover, such as those of BYRON, the two SMITHS, and others that might be named, are vague enough to be omitted with positive advantage to the remainder. For surely the great merit of these lectures is that they furnish a living chain between the past and the present; that they bring before us, as a witness, a man, yet in the prime and vigour of his intellect, whose privilege it was to mix with those whose names are venerable and venerated. What we want from him is not the flowers of literature, however choicely culled, far less the dried leaves that any one may take from the *hortus culeus* of printed biography. It is the living reflection, the photographs of the dead, their images as they were projected upon a clear and reflective mind.

It is but natural that we should dissent from many of Mr. HALL's verdicts. Personal friendship is, perhaps, not the best aid to critical impartiality, and a man must be something more or less than human if he can resist its mollifying influence. What wonder, then, if the genial society of THOMAS MOORE in the retreat of the cottage at Sloperton has induced a verdict as to the poet's genius and disposition rather more favourable than an impartial critic would have arrived at. To Mr. HALL's high opinion of MOORE, SOUTHEY, and others that might be named, we cannot give our unqualified adhesion. But it must not be supposed that praise is the unvaried theme upon which the lecturer dwells; on the contrary, reprobation, sometimes even to sternness, and yet delicately administered, visits the sins of those who undoubtedly offended. The cynicism of ROGERS, the harshness of CRABBE (as a writer, not as a man), the acerbity of WILSON CROKER, were severely dealt with; but the bibulous shortcomings of HOOK, MAGINN, and poor TOM CAMPBELL were dealt with more leniently than we should have expected from a man of such zealous temperance principles.

Perhaps of all the portraits which these lectures included none affected the audience so powerfully as that of the ill-fated L. E. L. We are using no figure of speech, but simply stating the sober fact when we say that scarce a dry eye could be seen among the audience as they listened to Mr. HALL's eloquent, pathetic, yet simple narration of that sad, sad story. Tenderly, yet fairly he touched upon her failings—for she had them. Frankly he vindicated her memory from the aspersions which slander cast upon it; and no one had better opportunities than Mr. HALL and his wife for knowing how baseless these were. In approaching the delicate subject of her death, Mr. HALL vindicated her memory from the charge of suicide, and that of her husband from the still more dreadful insinuation which has not unfrequently been made. He is persuaded that the poison of which she died was administered by a black woman who had been her predecessor with Mr. MACLEAN.

Pleasanter and more joyous are the pictures which Mr. HALL gives of Miss MITFORD, Mrs. HOFLAND, HANNAH MORE, and Mrs. OPIE. The ladies, it will be perceived, occupy a large space in his gallery, and never is he so genial and delightful as when he is talking about them. With the men he can be occasionally severe; with the women never, and if the truth must be spoken, there is something of the *homme galant* with which he dwells upon the crimped whympers of the sweet Quakeress, AMELIA OPIE. To conclude, however, we believe that no one can listen to these lectures of Mr. HALL without learning something and feeling better for them; and we are convinced that when he shall find time to take them into the country, his audiences will be abundant and appreciating, and that the course of his popularity will grow larger and larger as time shall mellow the excellences and tone down the few and slight defects of these admirable lectures.

THE Public Readings Society made a first trial of its interesting experiment at Crosby Hall on Monday, and on Tuesday at the School-room of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Charing-cross. These have answered beyond a doubt the important question, whether it be possible to amuse an audience for an hour and a half by reading to them. Their attention never flagged for a moment; their applause was enthusiastic; they wanted the readers to extend the time and give them a little more of it. The readers at Crosby Hall were the Revs. W. H. BROOKFIELD and J. M. BELLEW, Mr. COX, and Mr. PLUMPTRE. The selection was varied for the express purpose of proving what subjects were most pleasing. Mr. BROOKFIELD read a scene from the "Merchant of Venice," which he prefaced by a short sketch of the story of the play. Mr. BELLEW thrilled the audience with "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs," to which he gave great expression; and convulsed them with laughter by the story of "My Lord Tom Noddy," from "The Ingoldsby Legends." Mr. COX read MACAULAY's ballad of "The Armada," and Mr. PLUMPTRE, "Dora," and another selection from TENNYSON. At St. Martin's School-room the children of the school were admitted gratis, and behaved so well, that it has been resolved to admit schools without any payment. The Rev. R. WATSON delighted the assembly by the humorous reading of a sketch from SAM SLICK. The reading at Crosby Hall was prefaced by a short address by the Rev. Mr. BROOKFIELD, who told his hearers that the society was designed for a novel purpose—it invited the working people to amusement only; it would neither lecture to them nor preach at them; it was content to give them harmless recreation, leaving instruction in its direct form to others. Although the front seats were occupied by others who were content to pay for the privilege, and thus to contribute towards the expenses of providing this amusement for their poorer brethren, the society addressed itself only to the penny seats, and catered for them alone. There was to be a reading last night (Friday) at the School-room in Theobald's-road, Holborn. The absence of Mr. BELLEW has compelled the postponement of the announced reading at the Beaumont Institution. We repeat that small subscriptions in aid of this useful society and offers of the gratuitous use of public rooms, school-rooms, &c., will much aid the prosperity of the scheme.

Of all the attacks which have been made upon our Scottish friends for their enthusiastic national jubilee on the 25th, perhaps none can exceed in unfairness and injudiciousness that which appears in the last number of *Household Words*. Intending, we must presume, to be exceedingly funny, the writer likens the use which has been made of the memory of BURNS to that to which we put a hat-peg—a convenient implement upon which to hang something or other. "Was there ever," he asks, "a hat-peg discovered before on which so many small personal necessities could so profitably be hung?" It is something "to know that the memory of BURNS is likewise something on which the smallest of us can hang up his own individual importance; something that may help the greediest of us to grub up our little handful of money, and the obscurest of us to emit our little speech." Now is not this a figure which an ill-natured person might apply to almost everything that men do to make themselves famous? Do all men go into Parliament as patriots, having no views beyond the benefit of the nation? Is not legislation, therefore, a hat-peg? Is not Government itself a hat-peg? In this sense, Church, Law, Physic, Army and Navy, Commerce—everything, are hat-pegs. And who has hung more hats upon more pegs than the very gentleman under the sanction of whose name this very extraordinary figure of speech appears? When a man steps forward and makes a speech about administrative reform, being at the same time entirely inexperienced on the subject, what is that but converting a popular movement into a hat-peg? When, again, he agitates for the reformation of one society, having himself egregiously failed in the management of another, is he not guilty of hat-peggism? Once again, when he uses his admirable works as an excuse for appearing before the public in the capacity of a showman, may he not be said to perform the wonderful feat of making a hat-peg of himself? Finally, let us ask what is *Household Words* itself but a grand *vestiarium*, in which a great number of hats, occasionally very shabby ones, and not unfrequently a bonnet or two, are hung, as upon a peg, on that name which stands upon nearly every page?

ATTENTION has been drawn by some of our contemporaries to the inadequate salaries paid to the able and meritorious gentlemen whose services give such efficacy to the British Museum, and truly it is a matter for national shame that when such vast sums of the public money are lavished, not to say wasted, in other directions, the country should seem to deal so niggardly by those who are among the most zealous and accomplished of her servants. We say *seem*, because we believe that it is only needed for the nation to understand the question to have it immediately remedied. Let it be remembered in the first place, that the body of *employés* at the British Museum comprises men who are really eminent in the various departments of human knowledge to which their attention has been directed, and that their labours at the Museum are really of a very arduous description; and then let us ask whether salaries of which 245*l.* is the *maximum*, can be regarded as adequate remuneration? Take, for example, Mr. GEORGE GRAY, whose name is known throughout the scientific world as an ornithologist of esta-

blished reputation; take Mr. JOHN BENNETT, the eminent botanist: these gentlemen have served the Museum for twenty-eight and thirty-two years respectively, and are now paid such salaries as 245*l.* and 225*l.* In the library, too, where there are necessarily employed many gentlemen highly skilled in languages, this same meagre tariff prevails, and salaries are paid to linguists of world-wide reputation such as a City merchant would be sorry to give his foreign corresponding clerk. We have every reason to believe that this state of things is most unsatisfactory to Mr. PANIZZI, whose active and intelligent management of the Museum has at length secured him a proper appreciation from the public, in spite of much clamour and prejudice; and we are given to understand that he has done as much as he possibly can do to induce the Trustees to recommend a more liberal scale of pay. Mr. PANIZZI is too great a master of the art of organisation not to know the stimulating influence which liberal pay exercises over even the most honest official; and he doubtless knows that a continuance of such a cheese-paring system cannot but be otherwise than detrimental to the interests of the Museum. So long as these gentlemen are so ill-paid, it is not to be wondered at if they employ their talents in other channels, whether by writing books or other congenial occupations. Strange indeed would it be if it were otherwise.

Our readers will not have forgotten our quotation of a poetical complaint addressed by Lady MORGAN to a contemporary who had been so ungallant as to discuss the question of her age. The lines were smart enough; but if the statement in the following letter be true, it is to be more than suspected that, whatever may be her age, the "Wild Irish Girl" has not yet lost the power of memory:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Newpark Glebe, Outerard, 4th Feb. 1859.

SIR,—I have been reminded by some lines by Lady Morgan, headed "To my Reviewer," which appeared in the CRITIC for Jan. 29, p. 117, of lines which I once saw in manuscript many years ago, but which I have never seen in print. They were said to have been written by Lord Byron and Lady Blessington, and were as follows:

LORD BYRON.

I.
You have ask'd for a verse, the request
In a rhyme 'twere hard to deny;
But my Hippocrene was but my breast
And my feelings—the fountain is dry.

II.
I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;

LADY BLESSINGTON.

I.
When I asked for a verse, pray believe
'Twas not vanity urged the desire;
For no more can my mirror deceive,
And no more can I poets inspire.

II.
But as pilgrims who visit the shrine
Of some saint, bear a relic away—
I sought a memorial of thine
To cheer me when distant I stray.

My object in thus intruding on you is, first, to point out the strange coincidence between Lady Morgan's first verse and the third of Byron's; and, secondly, to beg of you to inform me where the above lines may be found. Quoting only from memory, I do not, of course, pretend to accuracy.—I am, &c.

JOHN O'CALLAGHAN.

The resemblance between the italicised verse and one in Lady Morgan's composition is certainly too close to be accidental. It is scarcely necessary to quote the entire poem over again; but to refresh the memories of our readers we will add the verse especially pointed out by Mr. O'CALLAGHAN:

My life is not dated by years
For Time has drawn lightly his plough,
And they say scarce a furrow appears
To reveal what I ne'er will avow.

THE further correspondence in *re DODD* which has appeared since our last observations, do not seem to call for any expression of opinion on our part. Mr. WEBSTER has written another long letter, which only seems to make his case worse and worse (if such a feat were possible), and the case is becoming so ravelled, that a gentleman evidently not accustomed to untie knots in logic, has attempted to smooth over matters by the *naïve* suggestion, that both sides shall withdraw the strong language, and that in lieu of the land Mr. DODD shall hand over to the College its value in money as an unconditional gift to the funds of the College. We have no doubt that such a course would be very agreeable to the Committee; but how about Mr. DODD?

EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF UNITED STATES CENTS.—The *American Notes and Queries* says:—The private collection of United States cents belonging to Mr. Edward Cogan, coin dealer of 48, North Tenth-street, was disposed of on Monday evening last, among his private friends and the coin collectors generally. The following are the prices of the finer and scarce descriptions:—A fine Washington cent, of 1791, large eagle, 10 dollars; extremely rare die of the Washington cent, 1792, 28 60 dollars; 1793, ring or link cent, 12 60 dollars; 1793, wreath, very fine, 5 13 dollars; 1793, liberty cap, fine, 7 25 dollars; 1794, remarkably fine, 4 05 dollars; 1795, thick die, fine, 2 50 dollars; 1795, thin die, do., 1 50 dollars; 1796, liberty cap, very fine, 4 dollars; 1796, fillet head, 4 dollars; 1797, very fine, 1 50 dollars; 1798, quite perfect, 2 50 dollars; 1799, very fine date, but not quite perfect, 7 dollars; 1802, very fine, 1 65 dollars; 1803, do., 1 25 dollars; 1804, do., 5 50 dollars; 1805, do., 2 dollars; 1809, extremely fine, 3 00 dollars; 1839, very perfect (termed bull head), 4 dollars. Many other cents realized very good prices—making a total of 128 98 dollars for 77 cents.

ODE ON THE BIRTH OF BURNS.

[The following is one of the *slc poems* which the judges selected out of the 621 pieces forwarded for competition, and recommended to be published by the Crystal Palace Company, on account of their "extraordinary merit." The author gave his consent to have it published, when applied to by the secretary of the Company; but, owing to the fact that one of the authors refused his permission, and the "raising of a difficulty" by another, the Company have abandoned the idea of publishing altogether. Entertaining, as we do, a high opinion of Mr. Bigg, we have been induced—albeit reserving our opinion as to the justice of the decision arrived at by the judges—to depart from the resolution we had taken not to print any of the Burns poems.]

MOTTO.

"An unshifting weathercock, which proves
How cold the quarter that the wind best loves."

"Rerum Natura tota est nusquam magis quam in minimis."

By J. STANYAN BIGG.

I.
A hundred times, with clangorous shout
and din,
Have tower and steeple hail'd the New
Year in;
A myriad brazen throats, a hundred
times,
Have wildly chanted forth their Christ-
mas chimes;
A hundred times the ancient world hath
rolled
Out of the lap of summer, warm with
gold,
Into the bleaching wind and drenching
rain;
Since first the wondrous peasant felt the
air,
Since first above his head a mother's
prayer
Went fluttering up to God, amid the an-
gelic train.

II.
No royal palace was prepared for him;
No silken courtiers slid from room to
room,
Gathering together in the gorgeous
gloom
Of purple hangings, drooping rich and
dim;
For him no silver cressets shed their light,
No eager joy-bells sounded through the
night
From city minster, or from village tower;
No loud "hurrahs," sent from deep-
chested men,
Lifted the midnight mist from off the glen
In celebration of his natal hour;
No hush of deep expectance filled the
earth;
No cry rose rich with gladness at his
birth.
The noble revelled at his sumptuous hall;
The beauty bloomed and languished at
the ball;

The drowsy miller scolded at the mill;
The peasant slept beneath the misty hill;
The heavens were still; no shaggy light-
nings came
To burn the midnight in their eager ire;
No mighty portent with a pen of fire
Scribbled upon the dark the poet's name;
He came, and no man knew it; no man
knew
The wondrous boon to Scotland given;
That then—beneath that grim and wintry
blue—
A glorious Poet, strong and true,
Had newly dropp'd from heaven!

III.
Nature herself lay still, and dumb, and
cold;
Gone were her summer garments fringed
with gold,
Her gorgeous sunsets streak'd with crim-
son bars—
Darkling in violet depths, shot through
with light,
Deepening in splendour as the enchan-
tress, Night,
Clotted and cream'd the midnight into
stars.
Gone were her balms and blooms; her
hum of bees;
Her sweet-mouth'd zephyrs toying with
the trees;
Her honied murmurings under hedge-
rows dim,
Where happy lovers spent their evening
hours;
Her festival array of cups and flowers,
Full of rich nectar to the fiery brim;
Gone were the banquet and the golden
sheen,
The lights were out, the revelry was o'er;
Rapture, and mirth, and music were no
more;
And she, who erst while was a crowned
Shiver'd a beggar at her palace door.

Giving scant welcome to the new-born
child,
She seized him in her stiff arms, lank
and cold,
And held him out upon the wintry
wold,
To look upon the desolation, strange and
wild,
Which weirdly shudder'd down, on farm
and fold,
In rain and sleet, and silent-falling
snow—
Wrapping the heavens in a pall above,
And the dead earth in a white shroud
below.

IV.
A wintry path, a future thick with gloom,
Solid as adamant, before him lay,
Through which the Poet cleft his lonely
way,
Mid menace and reproach and muttering
doom,
Into the dawning of that brighter day
Which now has settled down upon his
tomb.
For Nature hath a Spartan mother's
heart,
And to prepare her noblest for their
part
In the stern strife and struggle, she
ordains
Rude tasks, hard fare, and bitter rounds
of pains—
Knowing the heroic stature is built
higher
By toil and suffering, and the hero shows
Grandest and kingliest when his fore-
head glows
Beneath that burning zone, the martyr's
crown of fire.

V.
And so he grew and wrestled for the
right;
True Man! true Bard! who battled with
the strong;
And, having crown'd his poverty with
song,
He brought it boldly forth into the light,
Heedless of jibe or jeer; and all men
sought
To see the wonder which the Bard had
wrought:
Great, as though under some enchanter's
rod,
A shapeless block of stone had shimmer'd
out a god!

VI.
He took his country to his inmost soul,
And sang her joys and sorrows as his
own;
And in his verse we hear her wild winds
moan,
The rapid rustle of her brooks, and roll

Of her rude rivers, as they dash and foam
In tawny fury round the shepherd's
home.
Her Doric speech, her heart of simple
truth,
Her piety and strength, her tales of ruth,
Her fireside legends, and her wild ro-
mance,
Glitter and gather in a rustic dance,
Laughing in garlands of perpetual youth,
Within the magic circle of his rhymes;
And Scottish fairies ring their silver
chimes,
Goblin and ghost, warlock and witch
uncouth,
And all the marvels of the olden times
Troop forth at his behest;
And every terror of his native land
Shakes out its elf-locks, bares its bony
hand,
And every sportive whim, at his com-
mand,
Sits down the poet's guest.

VII.
Laughter and tears alike were at his nod,
Humour and wit ran sparkling rich as
wine;
And at the rare carousal, half divine,
He sat amid his subjects, like a god,
Waived upon by satyrs.

Like a bee,
He sipp'd sweet honey from the bitterest
flower;
And, at his touch, the starkest wintry tree
Rain'd down its apples in a golden
shower.
Young men and maidens, whisp'ring,
still rehearse
Their joys and sorrows in his manly
verse;
His witching words still well o'er
budding lips,
Mantling soft cheeks in luscious dimple-
dips
And innocent laughers of the ancient
prime;
And still at hearthstone and at rural fair
Old men and matrons, heeding not that
Time
Hath furrow'd cheek and brow, and
blanch'd the glossy hair,
Chuckle and murmur o'er the magic
rhyme,
Brimful of life and light, and all youth's
dainty fare.
Nature, full-lipp'd, was ringing in his
heart,
And though the wounded Poet felt the
smart
Of poverty, yet, like a bird in spring,
Soul full of music, he did nought but sing,
And in the choral whole, thus bravely
filled his part.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

A SCOTTISH METAPHYSICIAN.

The Essentials of Philosophy. By the Rev. GEORGE JAMIESON, M.A.
Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

HOW OFTEN have we told, how often must we tell our country-
men, the Scotch, that they know absolutely nothing about
metaphysics, that they are as destitute of rich metaphysical genius as of
deep religious emotion! Their singular acuteness, their argumenta-
tive fierceness, their logical pith and panoply make them formidable
combatants in debate, but lead them far away from the inner, the
intuitional life. The Scotch have a powerful intellect, not a prolific
mind—a warlike clangour and grandeur in the dialectical onset—no
creative phantasy. They can demolish systems, build none; they are
the Huns and Vandals of the soul. Seldom when professing to treat
of philosophy do they write stupid books; very often arid books. As
arid as it is able is this volume by Mr. Jamieson. It has all the
Scottish peculiarities in excess. It displays some psychological, much
logical talent, but is not irradiated by the faintest gleam of spiritual
insight.

What a godsend Sir William Hamilton has been to the
Scotch. They had long been wandering in the dreary Reid and
Stewart desert, flourishing wildly their claymore as unvanquished
masters of a region which no mortal cared to dispute with them. Sud-
denly one of the greatest dialecticians and scholars the world had ever
seen flashed on the view. He did not urge them to leave the desert, for
he set up his tent in the desert himself; but he brought gifts from
German and other lands, which he scattered lavishly on every side,
and about which the men of the claymore have been fighting with
avidity and ferocity ever since. The desert, however, remains the
desert, and the Scottish philosophers dwell, and will continue to
dwell, in the desert, whither we advise no student, however daring, to
follow them. The vigour of Scottish individuality from Burns down-
ward has marvellously helped to rouse and to regenerate English
literature; but Scottish philosophy has been a serious hindrance to
the growth of a true English philosophy. Hence the necessity of un-
remitting contest with its pretensions—pretensions of a kind so exor-
bitant as to prove at least the most earnest faith. Our author lays
claim to a score or two of stupendous discoveries; but when you have

looked at them a little you find the same old familiar faces which you
had encountered a thousand times in the Caledonian desert.

It is customary now for every man who writes a book on a favourite
topic to say that the chief want of our age is—what he is going to supply.
There are thus ten thousand chief wants of our age. Mr. Jamieson
thinks that the chief want of our age is an interpretation of
ontology on principles of universal application throughout all the de-
partments of natural law. We can neither admit that this is a chief
want of our age, nor a want of our age, at all; especially when we
hear that Mr. Jamieson considers the interpretation of ontology as
equivalent to penetrating into the region of causality in its primary
foundations. If he were to assert that a primordial need of our age
was a profound and comprehensive philosophy to harmonise with the
age's most catholic religious aspirations, and its most valiant moral
instincts, we should cordially concur with him. In our own fashion,
that is, neither very elaborately nor very systematically, yet we trust
not unsuggestively, we have often said the same. But as ontology, or
the science of being, has nothing whatever to do either with natural
law or causality, the main requirement of our age cannot be what is a
sheer impossibility. Mr. Jamieson professes extreme horror of
rationalism; yet we encounter nothing except outrageous rationalism
in the whole course of his work. There is the audacious and incessant
endeavour to explain that which cannot be explained, and to make
the metaphysical the mere appendage to the logical, the mere deduc-
tion from it. The deification of law is an impious pedantry, and the
debate about cause is a barren puerility. The introductory chapter to
Mr. Jamieson's treatise is on the Logical Proof of an External World.
How a man assuming the name of a philosopher could gravely set
about such a preposterous performance we are at a loss to conceive.
But what can the logical proof of an external world have to do with
ontology, which recognises no distinction, no boundary, between the
external and the internal? Ontology proceeds on the assumption of
the unity of substance, and of the mystical identity of the individual
consciousness with the infinite. So far from delighting in logical defini-
tions, it hungers evermore for that which cannot be defined. Logical
analysis and metaphysical synthesis are immortal and irreconcilable
antagonisms. Ontology is more inclusive than metaphysics—life
embracing thought; but alike they scorn the analytic and the definite.

While ontology climbs to the summit of things, holds in its hand the sum of things, metaphysics has ecstatic commune with their essence.

We know that the logicians and the psychologists always sneer at such language, and characterise those who use it as the victims of wildest illusions. We are inclined, however, to take small trouble to please or to persuade either the logicians or the psychologists, and it were easy to return the ridicule with abounding measure. Through phantasy and through feeling we feed on the ineffably mysterious; and no one who has not tasted the banquet, or who is incapable of tasting it, is justified in denying its reality. But what, O psychologists and logicians, is your food? Vapour and wind. The most prosaic people have the most fatal hallucinations; and the mere understanding, divorced from the other faculties, is the most sophistical of deluders—the most insane of self-deluders. But passing over the nonsense which the psychologists and logicians in their pride of wisdom talk especially when dealing with a subject so much to their liking as causality, we often behold them helplessly weak and stupid in the domain which they boast of as exclusively their own—that of analysis and definition. The most fruitful analysis is that which has been accomplished by those of synthetic brain, and the best definitions we owe to men whose entire and energetic sympathy was with the indefinite. In other words, the most gifted metaphysicians are the most triumphant logicians whenever they choose to be so, though the consummate logician is, simply by being such, pitifully unfit for the tasks of the metaphysician. We can do your work, gentlemen, but you cannot do ours. What wiser are you when Mr. Jamieson informs you that heat is an indeterminate condition of the particles of matter, or that matter itself is a combination of conditions whose ultimate development is form and whose potentiality is expressed as insentient force; or that electricity is the disturbance of polar arrangement; or that knowledge is simply cognitions become static in the soul, or that a purpose is a naked scheme or outline of something in want? Why should we torture ourselves to pierce into the meaning of this idiotic jargon? A definition is utterly worthless which is not distinct, intelligible, and specially applicable to the thing defined. If you defined a pudding to be a steaming and globular conglomeration of multifarious and savoury ingredients, we might think that you meant a haggis; if you defined an old blanket to be a decayed piece of woollen cloth for the vanquishment of cold in the human frame, we might be led into the error of supposing that you wanted to introduce to our acquaintance an old petticoat or an old pair of breeches. When Mr. Jamieson's definitions are not false, or pedantically and ponderously absurd, they are generally the conversion of a short, straight road into a labyrinth.

Whether defining or not, Mr. Jamieson is always prodigiously oracular. He is never economical of capitals and italics when asserting what nobody denies—as for instance, that passions are but the excess of ordinary emotions—a proposition which he would be a bold man who ventured to dispute. He is not merely oracular himself, but he admires the oracular in others. He twice quotes the astounding assertion of some wiseacre, that if it were possible for a human being to come into the world with a brain perfectly prepared to be the instrument of psychical operations, but with all the inlets to sensation closed, we have every reason to believe that the mind would remain dormant, like a seed buried deep in the earth. Yes, we have every reason to believe it; and we have every reason to believe also, that the man must be a blockhead who crams books with such arrant stuff as this. In the universe of God we have to deal with perfect individualities, or individualities ripening towards perfection, and you insult us by prating to us about things wanting all those qualities which constitute them what they are. Can we marvel that philosophy is satirised, when self-styled philosophers thus themselves caricature it? One of the most boastful chapters in Mr. Jamieson's book is that on Liberty and Necessity. The question of liberty and necessity has three aspects—a moral, a logical, and a metaphysical. With the customary parade of italics and capitals, Mr. Jamieson has approached the logical aspect only. Here the battle is altogether a battle of words. The logicians create difficulties which they are unable to conquer, as when indeed were spectres conquered and when did any one ever sup well on moonshine? Morally, every one is conscious that he is free: he does not reason about it; he practically feels it. If we are of the true metaphysical genius and temper, we instinctively know and grant that nature and necessity are identical; for, if they were not identical, the horrible consequence would follow that nature had the capricious strength of disendowing herself of some of her principal attributes. Can God alienate any portion of his being? If not, then he must always have acted, and must always act, in absolute accordance with his being; and why—following Leibnitz, who, however brilliant his parts or vast his acquirements, was no metaphysician—propound the doctrine, alike irreverent and unphilosophical, that God, from all eternity, has been occupied in choosing amid countless possibilities? In truth, Mr. Jamieson, supremely rationalist, would make God supremely rationalist too. The familiar way in which Mr. Jamieson discourseth of Deity is to us most revolting. He chatters as glibly of the process of reason in the Divine mind, and of the constitution and motives of the Divine mind, as if he were a member of the Trinity from whom no secrets had ever been concealed. This is intolerably, disgustingly offensive. Alas! in these days, it is not the books of professed unbelievers

chiefly which are blasphemous; it is the books of professed and zealous religionists. Sphere beyond sphere, veil beyond veil, tabernacleth the Holiness of the Omnipotent. If we are permitted with adoring eyes to gaze into the lowest sphere—if we are permitted with adoring hands to lift the outermost veil, let us be thankful. But let us not under the pretence of vindicating God's government, tell men what is enthroned on the loftiest sphere—what is enshrined within the innermost veil; or rather, what in fact is all we do, how far beyond the awful frontier of the Sacred, the shamelessness of our scholastic subtleties has ventured to rush. That which the priest vulgarises, the rabble will most surely scoff at.

We have not for a long time read a book which made an impression on us so painful as this of Mr. Jamieson. We were aware that there was a growing and most mistaken tendency to drag Faith from the Debris of the Temple, and to force on her scientific robes, lest Science should spurn her. We deplored, and we signalled the error. But Mr. Jamieson is determined that the error shall swell and darken into a crime. We were to follow him we should admit that there is really no distinction between faith and science, between religion and logic. In his remarks on Liberty and Necessity, and other themes no less stupendous he sneers at the idea of the everlastingly unknowable as at a childish conceit. The mysterious is no boundless abyss defying our researches, but a territory which may be subdued by modern science and Scotch logic! Creation has not sprung from an oceanic life in whose depths throb intense, tumultuous, and incessant, a yearning love, but from God's sense of the reasonable and the proper! Mr. Jamieson is fond of quoting Scripture, but he will find nothing in Scripture to countenance such a monstrous notion. God is there—Jehovah—the living God pouring forth life with miraculous opulence, or he is the father to whom all his children may draw near. Reduce God to a logical point, or link, or formula, by calling him the Great First Cause; exile him into a scholastic domain by calling him Primordial Reason, and you have no longer a God to whom Creation is possible, or to whom the worship of men can be given. Creation is the outbursting of a generative and regenerative force. In the living world of a living God he who hath no genial gaze for the everlasting genesis and palingenesis should be silent and not annoy and insult us with the crotchets of the schools. Would that there was nothing worse than crotchets; but there are sophistries of such Jesuitical cunning and such brazen boldness that on the one hand they must corrupt the heart and confuse the brain of the honest believer, and on the other provoke the fiercest infidelity, propagate and nourish the most incurable atheism.

That part of this volume which relates to the philosophy of theology we have read with indignation, yet, perhaps, still more with pity. In his perpetual and inordinate mania for defending God, or rather his own crude notions, our author thinks he must defend God's conduct in connection with the fall of man and the dreadful doom to flames of immortal woe of all but a handful of Scottish worthies. Now, many excellent persons have accepted the Calvinistic scheme in its gloomiest aspects and most cruel consequences. They adopt it as a consistent creed, bulwarked on every side, as they deem, by the authority of Scripture. Thus and thus hath God willed, and commanded, and revealed: this is enough for them. They bow with unquestioning brow to God's decree, and give a tear to the terrible destiny of the wicked. But this is not enough for Mr. Jamieson. He, the plagiary of Leibnitz, skips about with wonderful nimbleness among a chaos of perplexities, and arrogantly denies that there is anything whatsoever to perplex. The humble disciple of Calvin maintains that God's glory is manifested in predestination. But, besides this strict predestination, Mr. Jamieson with an impudence of ingenuity and an ingenuity of impudence which would gain him a notable place among the followers of Loyola, or among the most unscrupulous barristers, provides a large margin of fore-ordained contingencies. Fore-ordained necessities and fore-ordained contingencies are, it seems, very different. There is nothing which God does not foreknow; but there are many things which he does not fore-ordain: it is only the things which he fore-ordains for which he is responsible! The Fall, the author says, was of necessity made a possibility which might happen: not a possibility which must happen, while it was fore-ordained that it would happen. Is not this admirable? Mr. Jamieson assures us that the part acted by Satan in his remarkable conference with Eve was clever in the extreme. He is evidently inclined to envy Satan his rhetorical and argumentative skill. We assure him that envy here is quite unnecessary, for that in sophistical tricks and in dexterous daring he would be more than a match for Satan any day. We wish that among fore-ordained contingencies it had been our lot to escape reviewing a book in which not more striking is logical vigour than its gross and scandalous perversion.

ATTICUS.

THE MIDDLE-CLASS EXAMINATIONS.

Oxford Middle-class Examination Papers. Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Parker.

"MOST YOUNG MEN ARE STUPID; those who are not stupid are usually conceited," so affirms Mr. Froude in his *Oxford Essay* on the best means of teaching English history. If we allow the truth of this dictum, it cannot be so easy a matter, as is generally supposed, to set suitable examination papers for a large

number of young men. Out of the 1,151 "middle-class" youths who presented themselves to the Oxford Examiners, we may reasonably assume—taking Mr. Froude's definition—that two thirds were stupid; and that of the remaining one third the majority united cleverness with conceit; a small phoenix-like minority only being clever without being conceited. We have then three classes for whose use one common examination paper is to be provided. The *oi polloi* must not be abashed by having too abstruse questions proposed them; and if the examination matter be all easy, the acquirements of the clever candidates cannot be fairly tested, and fresh fuel is administered to the conceit of those who will imagine that their mushroom sciolism cannot be fathomed by an Oxford examiner. Examiners, indeed, and especially young examiners, have seldom to be reproached with setting too easy papers. The contrary, indeed, is far oftener the case; and, at least, two ends are gained thereby. In the first place the examiner establishes for himself a cheap reputation for learning, and in the next, he saves himself a vast amount of trouble, as by utterly ignoring the capacities and attainments of the candidates under examination, he will not have to wade through vast quantities of hastily written papers, the contents of which may usually be characterised as voluminous rather than luminous. Nobody will deny that the examination papers set at Gower-street vastly out-do in variety of subjects and difficulty, those which pose Oxford and Cambridge men at their respective Universities; and yet nobody, we think, will affirm that the *status* of learning at Gower-street is superior to that of our old Universities, or even that these same questions would not be better answered by Oxford and Cambridge students than by those to whom they are propounded.

On the whole, though we are not of the number of those who think that an intellectual millennium is to follow from the middle-class examinations, the present examiners appear to us to have fulfilled their difficult and thankless office with tolerable success. Of course, as a hotch-potch of papers, "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," had to be set for upwards of 1,100 candidates of various degrees of ability, individual items may be objected to. We see no possible reason why Dean Liddell should have had recourse to Plutarch and the pseudo-Homeric Hymns to puzzle young boys, who, as it turned out, knew little Latin and less Greek. The arithmetic and algebra papers also strike us as having too little variety in them; their motto might almost be, "*Ex uno disce omnes*." The examination opened with the candidates reading aloud a passage from Southey's "*Life of Nelson*," and doubtless gave the examiners due opportunity for admiring the great variety of dialects to be found within the compass of the British isles. In *viva voce* examination the fun is entirely on the side of the examiner; and the little cockney wight, who before a sympathising mamma can distinguish a comma from a full-stop, and generally recognise the existence of the letter *h*, will often utterly fail to do so in the presence of a black-robed, white-neckcloth examiner. We can only speculate as to whether the two youthful neophytes, under eleven years old, would write an essay on coal or a life of Goldsmith, or whether they would prefer the second question, "*On the habits and uses of one of the domestic animals*," and wax inorthographically eloquent on the merits of some favourite dog or donkey. The elementary arithmetic paper is—as its name betokens—most elementary, and would scarcely puzzle the united efforts of a young ladies' college. And here we will ask a question. How is it that young ladies, who know infinitely more of modern history than most young men; who speak and write something considerably better than French "*of Stratford-atte-Bow*;" who display a knowledge of geography positively alarming to the sixth-form public schoolboy; who can play divinely on two or three musical instruments—generally labour under such a terrible arithmophobia? Many a dunce has taken heart of grace and given himself undue airs, when he has found that his otherwise vastly better-informed sisters look upon an easy division sum as a feat beyond most feminine intellects. In the elementary Greek paper we find that only four candidates out of 127 satisfied the examiners, which result ought to be a source of consolation to those who disbelieve in the utility of studying the dead languages. We were somewhat appalled at first when we saw the half-page list of articles—about seventy—with which each junior candidate had to come equipped for the chemical examination; but we were agreeably surprised at finding that a shopkeeper in Bunhill-row was willing to furnish the entire apparatus at the cost of twelve shillings per set. In botany and zoology some ingenious speculations—such as, "*What part of horse's leg answers to the heel of a man?*" "*How is the head of an ox supported?*"—appear to have been quite thrown away upon the candidates, as only one passed the required ordeal. We are informed that the English history was the most unsatisfactory part of the examination; and we confess we are scarcely surprised at it. Such questions as the following, among a good many others, would scarcely be fair to all candidates: "*Compare the persecutions of Protestants under Mary and that of Roman Catholics under Elizabeth*," and "*Sketch the history of the dissolution of the English monasteries*." A good many stout Churchmen, with Dr. Cumming at their head, are thoroughly aware that no persecutions whatever were permitted under "*good Queen Bess*;" and that anything tending to prove the contrary is but a clumsy forgery of the Jesuits. Not a few Roman Catholics, on the other hand, are equally convinced that Queen Mary by no means deserved the epithet of "*Bloody*," but was an enlightened, gentle, motherly sovereign, who was kind enough to

roast a few heretics for the good of their souls. If any little knavish examinee brought up at the feet of some ultra-Protestant Gamaliel was forsown, and bartered his belief in Queen Bess's perfect innocence of all persecution for the sake of securing a few paltry marks, we trust most heartily he was ignobly plucked; and we have a no less hearty anathema for any believer in Cardinal Wiseman's historical data, any fledgling from Stonyhurst or Maynooth, who on the same turncoat principle, felt doubts as to whether Queen Mary might not possibly have been rather hard upon heretics in general. As to the dissolution of the English monasteries we know that not very long ago at the Oxford Union, after a convincing and logical debate of some duration, a motion was carried by a majority that the dissolution of the monasteries was one of the most deplorable events that ever happened to the English nation, and that it was desirable that some means might be taken for resuscitating them. We hope we may be allowed to object to the insidious question which inquires "*about the predominating occupation and general condition of the Highlanders and Lowland Scotch*." The prejudiced English candidate may possibly, Johnson-like, describe the general condition of the Highlander to be that of an oats-eating animal, and his "*predominating occupation*" to be that of endeavouring to cure cutaneous diseases. A youthful member of the Scottish Rights Association—if that society be not now defunct—would doubtless enlarge upon Scotchmen as being in a condition of miserable servitude to the Saxons, and whose chief occupation is—or ought to be—endeavouring to recover the rights of their trampled country. Again as to the question on the difference of the seasons at Pekin and London, we must, before answering, make up our minds about the climate of England. Is it, according to the saying of Charles II., one which allows us to be abroad more days in the year than any other; or is it so inclement that, as the facetious Italian said, the only ripe fruit to be found in England consists of roasted apples? Let us recollect, too, that in the account of Lord Macartney's embassy to China—in which it is stated that our countrymen entered Pekin like beggars, lived in it like prisoners, and were ejected from it like thieves—they describe Pekin, climate and all, with everything belonging to it, as execrable; while to M. Huc, who entered the Celestial capital under a gorgeous *kithsol* held aloft by tip-top mandarins, the people and climate seemed equally admirable. Accounts being thus contradictory, how are the examiners fairly to decide this question? The question, "*Give an account of the school or schools at which you were brought up*," enables a splenetic candidate to take dire vengeance on some unloved Dr. Birch: the former may, with Midas-like secrecy, commit to the bosom of the astonished examiner, a long catalogue of woes, comprehending items of scanty fare, hard knocks, and the other thousand and one grievances of the British schoolboy who is inclined to grumble. What, too, are the unfortunate candidates to do who have never been to school? They will be obliged either to draw upon their imaginations, aided by a cram from "*Tom Brown*," if they have read the book, or turn in despair to the other and more difficult questions. Surely, too, a youth may know a good deal, and yet be ignorant of the commercial name of bile. Bilious candidates, however, though they may be unable to state, "*What in bile renders it useful for cleaning greasy carpets*?" can scarcely fail to derive consolation that a substance so troublesome when in excess is good for anything. Many, too, are the kidney-tortured Anglo-Indians who have gone to their graves without knowing, or caring to know, "*what constituents in the secretion from the kidneys make it valuable as a manure*?"

How the examination-mania will end, we cannot prophesy. That it will, at least at first, tend to encourage a shabby superficiality we are tolerably sure. Already we have A. A.'s in the columns of the *Times* offering for sale the almost necessarily scanty contents of their brains—wares which innumerable B. A.'s, perhaps indeed no better equipped, have not found to be very marketable commodities. Though we do not at all hold with the theory of a late royal Duke, who maintained that education would only enable the poorer classes to write up naughty words upon the public walls, we confess we do not see how thriftless speculations upon cow-heels, exogenous trees, &c., with a smattering of languages, mathematics, and a dozen other crudities, will be of any benefit whatever to the great majority of the candidates examined. Some few of these, born under an unlucky star, may probably be destined to swell the ranks of the already greatly over-stocked professions; but in the nature of things the great part of them must descend to more commonplace, if not less useful, occupations; and their knowledge of the dead languages will probably be of little other use than enable them to add fresh monstrosities to such ill-begotten puffisms as *antigropelos*, *rypophagon*, &c. Tailors, barbers, shoemakers there must be; and possibly not a few recruits will be found in the ranks of the A. A.'s after they have strutted and fretted their little hour of pride. Nobody, we imagine, who wants to be shaved, or to dye his hair, or to have a pair of boots made, will object to get his capillary fluid from Tonsor A. A., or his *antigropelos* from Sutor ditto—always providing that the wares of these learned Thebans be as good and as cheap as those of the baser unlettered mob of tradesmen. Of course, it is possible that an annual genius or two may turn up at these examinations, but such exotics had better, perhaps, have blushed unseen than have produced a race of shopkeepers whose Greek and commercial knowledge is equally below par. If the A. A. examination is to be anything, each candidate who succeeds must devote his whole time to it

up to the age of eighteen, and we fear that his will not be a solitary case who finds that

He has overcharged his weary brain
With more than it can well contain;

and that it is rather a serious matter, after passing eighteen years in this world, to have to descend from one's literary stults, and enact the humbler rôle of Tonsor or Sutor for daily bread.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALES IN ITALY.

Unprotected Females in Sicily, Calabria, and on the top of Mount Etna. London: Routledge, Warnes, and Routledge.

WE IMAGINE that there are few who made the acquaintance of the "Unprotected Females" after their Norwegian trip, who will not be anxious to hear how they have sped in a more southern latitude of Europe, and the more so when they hear that the volume which is the result of their travels in Sicily and Calabria contains, if possible, a still richer fund of amusement and anecdote than its predecessor. Nor is the style much different. We have the same characters before us: the same grave and sedate matron, whose difficulty in keeping in order the same clever but somewhat fast daughter appears to have been undiminished; the same independence, self-reliance, *espiglerie*, and shrewdness.

But books like this are to be dealt with narratively, and not critically; and therefore we cannot do better than turn over the journal—which seems to be entirely the work of the younger lady, and pick out a few of the plums for the reader's acceptance.

Let the first sketch selected from the portfolio of the "Unprotected Females" be of Palermo—of Palermo in the morning:

Narrow pavements edge both sides of the four lively streets which run across each other through Palermo, to the four gates, Felice, Maqueda, Toledo, St. Antonino, and meet in the centre of the town, where four mural fountains send gushing waters from beneath white satin banners and tinsel decorations, surrounding the Madonna's image and the opera bills; in the middle stands an iron bridge on wheels, to be used for crossing very muddy places, and an article of all well-appointed Sicilian streets. The young men are passing on glossy donkeys, to take their early morning airings; the merchants are talking together in the pretty drawing-rooms, opening on the street, which form the exchange; confectioners have hardly begun to wave their long rods with coloured paper tails, over the collecting flies; lines of yellow-clad convicts in chains are marching to their early work; baby priests, all hat, are going to class; and Donna Luisa, with her duenna, slips into that church. Let us follow her; as there are three hundred sacred edifices to be seen, and they close at mid-day. She kneels before one of Vandyke's holy, melancholy pictures; around is every rich device in which marble of radiant colours can combine; at the pillars are scenes from Scripture, raised and large—on the one against which we lean is Jonah's story; the ship, the whale, all of true shades and magnificent polish; behind a gilded grating are the nuns of Santa Caterina, whose church it is.

It is at Palermo "in the afternoon" that Madamigella, the younger "unprotected female" first receives a real Italian *billet doux* from a *bona fide* Italian *cavaliere*, and which she has the cruelty to print. Thus it runs:

Madamigella!—Fino dal primo momento che ebbi la fortuna di vedervi nella Chiesa Matrice, mi infiammaste d'una tal simpatia per Voi che (cosa volete, Madamigella gentilissima!) non potrebbe certamente essere maggiore. In vista di che pregherei l'innata dolcezza e bontà vostra di voler accordarmi un abboccamento sia con voi, od anche, come meglio vi piace, con vostra Madre, dove e quando vorrete per vedere se trovando il mio affetto l'indispensabile corrispondenza, conciliato tutto il resto, questa nostra accidentale vicinanza potesse farsi durevole. Al Cancelliere del vostro Albergo depongo il presente con i fiducia entr'oggi di ricevere dallo stesso un desideratissimo vostro rispoeto. Compattate, Madamigella, garbatissima, vi prego, il mio ardore ritenendolo però come conseguenza dei vostri pregi fisici e morali, ed abbiatele quale con tutta stima, pari all'ossequio, l'onore, e piacere di protestarmi. —Vostro umilissimo devotissimo servitore, —

This document the recipient, from motives of modesty no doubt, inadequately translates as follows:

From the first moment, Madamigella, in which I had the good fortune to see you in the cathedral church, you inspired me with such a 'sympathy' (excuse me) as could certainly not be exceeded. In consequence, I would pray your innate kindness to allow me to address some words to you, or to your mamma, to know if there is any chance of my affection being returned, and arrangements made to let this accidental meeting be everlasting. I leave this at your hotel, impatiently hoping this day to receive a reply. Forgive, amiable young lady, an infatuation caused, &c. &c., and hoping to be able to express the high consideration which I feel for you.—Your humble, devoted servant, —

In the secrets of what followed we are by no means let; but we have every confidence in the self-protecting powers of the "unprotected females." The independence of these ladies appears to have excited quite as much astonishment in Sicily as in Norway:

Till fairly inside the carriage no one believed we would start, as to see ladies travel alone in Sicily is as uncommon as in Norway; the countenance of a native alone could express the dismay at women who "Girare senza esser accompagnate!" ("Travel unaccompanied!") that is the sum of horror, an escort being as indispensable as money to an Italian lady unhappy enough to be obliged to travel twenty miles; and a hint at the ascent of Etna put them into a fury of "Impossible!" which encouraging expression accompanied us to the foot of the mountain.

Ascend Etna, however, they did, the younger one to the very brim of the crater; and her narrative of the scene is too picturesque and too original to need any apology for extracting it at some length:

After a few paces I began to outstrip her, when she called me back, and said in a mild but matronly firm tone, "My dear, the single condition on which I will attempt this ascent is, that you remain behind me, merely following, letting me regulate the rate at which we walk;" which she did on so excellent a plan, that I attribute the success of the whole attempt to her, and think it the only one on which ladies, and perhaps some gentlemen also, can ascend high mountains with comfort. It was to continue at a uniform steady pace, stopping to breathe every now and then, before the lungs were quite exhausted. By this proceeding we got on so comfortably that, if there were no other obstacle, I felt that we could easily have walked up the Himalayas with plenty of time, and the repressed ardour acted as steam later on the journey. . . . For two hours we walked with perfect facility on crisp hard snow, and saw with exulting pleasure that the "Montagnuolo," which from beneath seems almost close to the crater, was gradually losing its unattainable appearance, and allowing us to slide up to its base, when an overpowering difficulty made itself felt—the heat, which placed a fiery barrier on our rising path, and during the whole ascent made an almost invincible resistance to our advancement. The shawls one by one were thrown off; handkerchiefs followed; the heavy cloth petticoats next, till the poor guides were quite disguised with bearing the extra garments, and meekly quoted

their former advice to leave them with the muleteer. . . . That hour's toil up to the column was inexpressibly painful. We tried to walk in the guides' shadows, to gasp one panting breath of air, to raise the swimming head—it was arduous against arduous—and when, bathed in fire, on a desert of snow, we threw ourselves at the base of the lava pyramid, saw a great white Sahara extending beyond, with another Etna rising from it in the steamy distance,—then, heat, you had well-nigh been conqueror. A quarter of an hour's torpid rest, immovably stretched upon the despoiled woollens, restored to us the power of movement, and also made us sensible of a very slight, very sharp, and very refreshing wind, grazing past from the north, and which, when we had donned the thickest shawls, was as the fountain of hope to a blistered mind, or nectar air sent by Jove—that gallant god, always touched by female wishes, and who keeps the hideous Titan Enceladus out of the way, crushed beneath the mountain, since the war of the Giants. This air brought on a great appetite; we told the guides to light the charcoal for warming the coffee: they hesitatingly said, "It had not been brought; they never expected we could possibly reach the column; the few who thought of trying the ascent in winter generally giving way an hour below." In summer, the spot was a favourite halting place, and had we ascended a week sooner, could have ridden that far. The coffee had to be taken cold, and was most reviving, instead of getting into the head like spirits; and I am happy to be able to quote Professor Forbes, who also preferred tea to wine on his mountain expeditions. The guides brought out bread and oil, of course; for desert each had one of our cold veal chops, which we found nice solid things, with a little fruit, making a strengthening and not too heavy meal. After the cooling air, refreshment, and rest of an hour, things began to assume quite a different appearance: when two lovely yellow butterflies came and flitted about, eight thousand feet above that sea stretched below, we sprang up and felt as if we would fly also; for surely what butterflies could reach we could! The "Piano delle Lave" lay stretched out to the "Casa degli Inglesi," the next goal. Angiolo and Georgio were hooked in again, and soon covered with shawls, for when we moved, the wind seemed to disappear, and the heat raged again undisturbed. The snow had now become soft, and at each step we sank in ankle-deep, then almost knee-deep; it was very, very hard work; while that "Montagnuolo," at first so advancing, seemed as if it would accompany us, and never let us edge beyond its shoulder; the little "Casa degli Inglesi," instead of increasing in size, remained the same insignificant distant dot; even the lovely appearance of the snow, whose alabaster surface was shaded into deep sea-green wherever we had stepped, could not charm us into thinking it less heavy than a dry sandy beach. This was another two hours' probation, seeming never to end, and, like the former, to be endured only by one of those efforts which enthusiasm can force now and then in a lifetime: it felt rewarded when the little roof of the highest-placed house in Europe sloped at touching distance above the snow! As the frozen banks prevented the door being opened, I at once seated Mamma comfortably on an icicle, to examine the effects of the last earthquake, which had thrown down the back rooms—then rushed off with Angiolo towards the crater, and was out of reach in a moment! Up and down the little snow-hills we ran with glee, the good soul being as excited as myself, and not till we came to the ascent of the funnel (of which only a gravel walk outside the dome of St. Paul's can give any idea), did I well understand how that many people who even rode up to the Casa never reached the crater of the mountain. For, reader, Etna being a pyramid, and towering above all nature within the vast horizon around, the miserable beings on her summit are suspended in the air, and merely cling with a poor little pair of feet to a few shifting cinders, while all Sicily waits to receive their bones when, giddy-headed, they roll below. Such being the prospect, and the probable result of looking round, it can be imagined that a good head is necessary, as it is impossible, from the steepness, to take more than four steps upwards without stopping; the rarefaction of the air had not the slightest effect upon us during the whole ascent; poor Italian travellers are quite torn in pieces by it; they either drink "rum" or suck lemons the whole way up. The ground was pleasantly warm beneath our feet, if we did not rest too long; here and there, smoke came from slits in the sulphurous yellow ground, called "Papone del Cratere," giving an awful sensation of hollowness beneath. Toil, toil, toil; is this to be never-ending? Hark, a sound! it must be Vulcan's anvil preparing Jove's thunder in his crater-forging—a few more gasps, a few more slips—backwards, forwards, struggles—and inside a great basin of blue and yellow smoke I see distinctly a Cyclop looking up at us! Bewildered and confused, oh! were there but a spot to sit down and think for a moment! No, the edge is crust, and pressed, will crisply crack into the gulf, where Bronte and Sterope have already come to their companion's call.

Unlike ninety-nine books of travel out of a hundred, this volume is made up of something besides commonplace. Commonplaces in plenty there are indeed in it, the usual commonplace of travellers about "setting suns" and "golden clouds" and "silver ripples;" but these are so leavened with the spice of original genius and original powers of observation that we can afford to forgive them without doing much violence to our literary conscience.

GOETHE TRANSLATED BY AYTOUN AND MARTIN.

Poems and Ballads of Goethe. Translated by W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, D.C.L., and THEODORE MARTIN. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1859.

"ALL MY POEMS!" said Goethe once, "are fragments of a great confession," and in this respect their value, perhaps, will be found to be greater in the case of his minor than of his larger poems, cast as are the latter mainly in a dramatic form. Just as the man Shakspeare comes to light more clearly in his sonnets than in his plays, so is the man Goethe more easily and completely deciphered in his smaller poems than in his more elaborate and famous works—in his "Zahme Xenien," than in "Faust," or "Tasso." Nor is it in Goethe's as in Shakspeare's case, a mere handful of sonnets that survive to tell us of what was working in the depths of the great poet's soul. In their mere quantity, Goethe's minor poems form no inconsiderable proportion of his works; nor are they, like Shakspeare's sonnets, the products of a single mood of mind. From earliest youth to extremest old age, Goethe was in the habit of enshrining in short poems, the thoughts and feelings of the moment. Studies, passions, sentiments, reflections, all are there. From the expression of light and youthful affection to the loftiest musings on human destiny and duty—from the maxims of the experienced sage to the lark-like carol of the happy poet rejoicing over the beauty of nature, or of the loved one—there is no utterance of heart and head that is not to be found in Goethe's minor poems. And, as it sometimes happens in the mansions of great men, that the traces of their intimate presence are to be found in humble and sequestered chambers, in nooks and corners of the house, more than in the stately saloons of reception and social commune, so it is with Goethe's works. It is here and there, in some quiet-looking poem *d'occasion*, that his innermost emotions are disclosed, and that he breaks the abysmal silence, which was his wont, on man's mysterious relations to death and immortality. Goethe's true self-revelation is to be found in his minor poems, not in the stately gossip of his prose

and professed autobiography, which breaks off, moreover, just at the period when the narrative was to become most interesting.

Professor Aytoun and Mr. Martin, very naturally, have not regarded the matter in this serious light. They have sought only to produce a pleasant and attractive little volume, and they have succeeded. There are few of those notes and comments which gave a biographical and critical value to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's much larger and more complete translation of the Poems and Ballads of Schiller. The selection contains versions of many of Goethe's most famous and characteristic minor poems; but not a few that are important, poetically and ethically, are omitted, while several that are trivial are admitted. In their brief and modest preface (where, by the way, they, for the first time, publicly avow what has long been suspected, the joint authorship of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads") the translators make the candid statement: "Some critics may think that they have included a few poems which might have been advantageously omitted; others, that they have been too fastidious in their exclusions. Perhaps they may have erred in both ways." We should not be disposed exactly to designate as fastidiousness the something very like oversight and want of judgment combined, which excludes the "General-Beichte," the "Dauer im Wechsel," the "Bundeslied," and the noble ode to "Schwager Kronos;" while admission is given to so many of the trifling love poems of Goethe's early youth. True, the latter are comparatively easy of translation, while the others present considerable difficulties. Something must be conceded to this consideration. The translators had so many obstacles to overcome in the fulfilment of much of their task, that they may have felt themselves entitled to a little relaxation, and Goethe's verses to his Belindas and Linas must have been child's play after the "Bride of Corinth." But we hope that on some future occasion, the joint-translators will redeem some of their errors of omission, and attempt to present the public with many more, and more significant, of Goethe's poems, in elegant English versions.

On the general execution of the work a verdict of very high commendation must be pronounced. It was to have been expected that the authors of the "Bon Gaultier" ballads would prove admirable translators, for the imitative qualities displayed in that famous little volume are precisely of the kind that go to the making of exact and echoing translations. In many, indeed, in most cases, they have adhered strictly to the metres of the original—an adherence on which so much depends; and readers of Professor Aytoun's original poetry, and of Mr. Martin's former translations from the German, do not need to be told that a general fidelity to sense and rhythm is here accompanied by polish, elegance, and melody. It is the more surprising, therefore, that in one instance where fidelity would have been easiest, they should have shirked difficulties much less great than those cheerfully and successfully met by them in other cases. Goethe's hexameters and pentameters are rendered either in rhymed iambs or in blank verse! In spite of the success of Longfellow's "Evangeline," the translators persist in thinking "that such versification is entirely exotic," as if it were a whit less so in German than in English. We suspect that they have been led into this error by the faulty procedure of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who dealt with Schiller's hexameters and pentameters as they have dealt with Goethe's. The English hexameter was in a promising state, thanks not only to Longfellow but to the contributors to the volume of "English Hexameters," published a few years ago, and among whom were Dr. Whewell and Sir John Herschel. It is a pity that the metre should have lost the aid of artists so skilful and accomplished as Professor Aytoun and Mr. Martin.

A few of the versions here printed were published years ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*, soon after the completion (if we remember rightly) of Sir Edward Lytton's translation of Schiller, first given to the world in the pages of *Maga*. Circumstances prevented then the prosecution of the task, which, in the interval, has been continued with patient zeal. To each poem is suffixed the initial of the translator; in some cases when the version has been really and truly a combined effort, the initials of both are given; and in every case the version owes something to the interchange of criticism. Unfortunately, our space will not permit us to transfer to our columns the most admirable performance in the whole volume, the version of the "Bride of Corinth," in which with perfect and marvellous adherence to the difficult metre of the original, Goethe's famous ballad is reproduced in all its ghastly pathos. Here, however, is a shorter but almost as celebrated a poem, which has exercised numberless translators, and of which the following elegant version is due to Mr. Theodore Martin:

THE FISHER.

The water rush'd and bubbled by,
An angler near it lay,
And watch'd his quill with tranquil eye
Upon the current play.
And as he sits in watchful dream
He sees the flood unclose,
And from the middle of the stream
A river maiden rose.

She sang to him with witching wile,
"My brood why wilt thou snare
With human craft and human guile,
To die in scorching air?
Ah! didst thou know how happy we,
Who dwell in waters clear,
Thou wouldest come down at once to me,
And rest for ever here."

"The sun and lady-moon they lave
Their tresses in the main;
And breathing freshness from the wave,
Come doubly bright again.
The deep-blue sky so moist and clear,
Hath it for thee no lure?
Does thine own face not woo thee down
Unto our waters pure?"

The water rush'd and bubbled by,
It lapp'd his naked feet;
He thrill'd as though he felt the touch
Of maiden kisses sweet.
She spoke to him, she sang to him—
Restless was her strain—
Half-drawn, he sank beneath the wave,
And ne'er was seen again.

Certainly, this is very musical, very polished, very elegant, and on the whole very faithful. We may hint, however, our impression that Mr. Martin is mistaken in making the scene the bank of a river, and not the seashore. The allusion of the water-lady to the sun and moon clearly marks that ocean was her *habitat*, and it was no doubt Goethe's design in the poem to paint the longing inspired in the human breast by the contemplation of the placid sea. The "Das Wasser schwoll" of the original would thus mean the advance of the tide until the water reached the fisher's feet. The watching "his quill," by the way, is rather prosaic, and conjures up memories of Dick Swiveller gazing at his office pen the morning after a debauch. "Float" would be better. "Half-drawn, he sank beneath the wave" is, too, but an inexpressive rendering of the expressive "Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin" of the original.

We give now a ballad in a different style, and translated by Professor Aytoun, one in which a great truth is imaginatively and gracefully expressed:

I. THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

Many weary days I suffered,
Sick of heart and poor of purse;
Riches are the greatest blessing—
Poverty the deepest curse!
Till at last to dig a treasure
Forth I went into the wood;
"Fiend, my soul is thine for ever!"
And I sign'd the scroll with blood.

Then I drew the magic circles,
Kindled the mysterious fire,
Placed the herbs and bones in order,
Spoke the incantation dire,
And I sought the buried metal
With a spell of mickle might—
Sought it as my master taught me:
Black and stormy was the night.

And I saw a light appearing
In the distance like a star;
When the midnight hour was tolling,
Came it waxing from afar:

Came it flushing, swift and sudden,
As if fiery wine it were,
Flowing from an open chalice
Which a beauteous boy did bear.

And he wore a lustrous chaplet,
And his eyes were full of thought,
As he stepped into the circle
With the radiance that he brought.
And he bade me taste the goblet;
And I thought "It cannot be
That this boy should be the bearer
Of the demon's gift to me."

"Taste the draught of pure existence,
Sparkling in this golden urn,
And no more with baleful magic
Shalt thou hitherward return.
Do not seek for treasures longer,
Let thy future spell-words be—
Days of labour, nights of resting;
So shall peace return to thee."

This, too, is a very elegant translation, but one in which the rhymed double-endings and general metrical structure of the original are neglected. Here is a version of our own (not of yesterday's date), in which Goethe's metre, at least, is faithfully reproduced:

THE TREASURE-DIGGER.

Poor in purse and broken-hearted,
Many a dreary day I waited;
Want alone is to be hated,
Riches are the highest good.
So, from sorrow to be parted,
Forth I went to dig a treasure.
"Thine, my soul is at thy pleasure,"
And the pact completed stood.

So my circles duly made I,
Flamelets darting hither, thither;
Ranged the herbs and bones together;
Finish'd was the magic rite.
Then with mattock and with spade I
Stoutly dug, as had been bidden,
For the treasure yonder hidden.
Black and stormy was the night,

And I saw a distant light now
Coming onward like a star, there
From behind and from afar, there
As the stroke of twelve was o'er.

In a moment all was bright now,
For the gloom had to surrender
To a brimming goblet's splendour,
Which a lovely stripling bore.

Cheerful eyes were softly glancing
'Neath a flower-wreath woven thickly,
Close beside me slept he quickly,
And, in friendly-wise demeaned,
Bade me drink, the cup advancing;
And I did not think of danger.
For this lovely, friendly, stranger
Could not surely be the fiend.

"Drink the sense of pure existence
Then thou know'st the lesson rightly;
Incantations, feats unsightly,
Midnight conjurings all are o'er.
Dig not here with vain persistence,
Work by day, by night enjoyment,
Festive close to right employment,
Be thy spell-word evermore!"

PORT ROYAL.

Select Memoirs of Port Royal. By M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK.
Second edition. London: Longmans and Co.

SOME MONTHS SINCE we passed in review the life, which was also in part the autobiography of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck. The present republication affords us the opportunity of examining a little more in detail the work which constitutes her principal claim to public remembrance.

We should have been glad to find in a work professing to give a history of Port Royal a little more information on the internal management of the nunneries and on the working of the various seminaries attached to them. On the other hand, we could well have dispensed with the voluminous letters of directors and sisters, which form so large a proportion of the three volumes. It is true that these letters have their own interest, but they differ very little from the staple of religious literature. It would have been more useful if the authoress had exhibited with greater minuteness the steps by which Port Royal succeeded in attaining so wide and beneficial an influence on French society, and by which the affiliated schools produced so many eminent scholars. Still, with all their deficiencies, the present volumes contain so much that is really interesting, they are written in a style so clear, and animated with so earnest and generous an enthusiasm, that the general effect is highly satisfactory.

The abbey of Port Royal dates from the year 1204. Matthew, Lord of Marli, a younger son of the house of Montmorency, on his departure for the Crusades, left, like many others, a sum of money to be devoted to religious uses. His wife Matilda purchased the lands of Porrois, or Port Royal, near Versailles, and erected a monastery. The fortunes of the house remained in obscurity till, in 1601, Marie Angélique Arnauld, a child but ten years old, was appointed abbess. At this time the monasteries and nunneries of France were very lax in their discipline. The inmates were addicted to luxury and self-indulgence, and in Port Royal—

The rule of St. Bennet was scarcely known; inclosure was no longer observed, and a worldly spirit everywhere prevailed. No sermons were ever preached there except at professions, which, in a community of twelve persons, rarely took place. The confessors spent their time in the pleasures of the chase. The nuns devoted themselves to dress and worldly pastimes. They wore starched muslins, and not only suffered their hair to be seen but dressed it with care. They appeared in gloves and masks, like the most fashionable Parisian ladies, and during the carnival they even gave public masquerades.

The sermon of a wandering Capuchin and a severe illness converted the Mère Angélique from these scandalous disorders. She resolved on a complete reform; and, as a first step, she enforced the rule of inclosure. The nuns were to be confined within the walls, and were not even to see their relatives, except in the parlour of the monastery. To insure obedience she set the example, and refused to see her own father except at the wicket of the parlour, though he loaded her with the bitterest reproaches. *La journée du guichet* was long held in honour amongst the Port Royalists as an era in the history of their reform.

From this day the fate of the monastery was decided. The fame of Port Royal extended over France. From all sides came requests that the abbess would undertake the reformation of nunneries, or at least would guide them by her advice. Her greatest task was the reformation of Maubuisson, of which nunnery Mme. d'Etrées, a sister of Henry IV.'s mistress, had been appointed abbess. But her indomitable resolution triumphed over every difficulty; and she had the satisfaction of also reforming, either in person or by deputy, the nunneries of Lys, St. Aubin, St. Cyr, Gomerfontaine, Tard, and the Isles d'Auxerre. Meanwhile the celebrity of Port Royal increased so greatly, that it became impossible to find place in the abbey for the applicants for admission. In this need the mother of Mère Angélique made her daughter a present "of a noble house with magnificent gardens," in the Quartier St. Jacques, at Paris. To this spot the whole community migrated, leaving only a chaplain at their former home; and from this time the two communities received the distinctive appellation of Port Royal de Paris and Port Royal des Champs.

In the year 1625 Mère Angélique became acquainted with the Abbé de St. Cyran. He was the friend of Jansen; and although the principles of Jansenism were not given to the world till the publication of the "Augustine," it is clear that the friends had already elaborated their doctrines. St. Cyran became the spiritual director of Port Royal. From this time a new interest gathered round the monastery.

Though the recluses, in many instances, belonged to the first families in France, they did not hesitate to employ themselves in manual labour. They repaired the abbey, tilled the ground to procure their food, and even condescended to the drudgery of household duties. Nor was their toil confined to their own wants. Whilst some were trained for the ministry, others studied physic and surgery, for the benefit of the poor; others again founded and superintended schools. Whilst Arnauld and Pascal, and Nicole and Saci were composing their works in this seclusion, Tillemont and Racine were receiving their education in the seminaries of the abbey; and the nobility and gentry sent their children to reap the advantages of such eminent supervision.

Meanwhile, the Jesuits had long entertained feelings of enmity towards Port Royal. The causes were various. In the first place their literary glory had been eclipsed by the rising community. They had been the persecutors of St. Cyran. The two Arnaulds, whom we have mentioned above, had equally excited their odium. A work of Dr. Arnauld on frequent communion, afforded them an opening for their attack. The Sorbonne, the Gallican clergy, and Rome itself were appealed to. The Port Royalists were defeated; but the triumph of the Jesuits was still incomplete. In 1656 they obtained from the Sorbonne a condemnation of the "five propositions." These propositions were maliciously extracted from the great work of Jansen on St. Augustine, and were assumed to contain heretical doctrines on the subject of Grace. It remained to obtain from Government a decree for the suppression of Port Royal, which was accused of being the "hot-bed" of Jansenism. It is needless to enumerate the details of the persecution to which the nuns and recluses were subjected. Mère Angélique was worn out by the bitter contest, and expired on Sunday, the 6th of August, 1661, at the age of seventy years. The majority of the nuns had been dispersed, some were imprisoned in different religious houses, and amongst others Mère Angélique de St. Jean, who with the Mère Agnès succeeded to the influence of the deceased abbess.

At length, after much persecution, Pope Clement IX., on his accession to the Pontificate in 1668, issued an "act of pacification," and Port Royal once more became flourishing and powerful. Persons of rank and distinction were numbered among the recluses, and many powerful noblemen aided with their purses in enlarging and beautifying the structure.

Unhappily, however, with the death of the Duchesse de Longueville in 1679, and the consequent withdrawal of Court protection, the persecution recommenced. For thirty years the attacks of the Jesuits were incessant, and at length in 1709, the Cardinal de Noailles passed the decree for the suppression of the monasteries. The nuns were separated from each other, and dispersed throughout France; the abbey was levelled with the ground, the churches blown up by gunpowder, and all the corpses of the dead were exhumed and brutally hacked in pieces amidst the blasphemy and indecency of gravediggers.

The latter portion of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's volumes is taken up

by various papers of collateral interest—a visit to the ruins of Port Royal by the authoress; a tour to Alet, which is a revised version or adaptation of Claude Lancelot's memoir on that subject; and the Gift of an Abbess, which is a compilation from "La Religieuse Parfaite et Imparfaite" of the Mère Agnès. But we have no space to describe these papers more minutely.

The great interest of these volumes lies in the generous sympathy which a Protestant has found herself able to feel for a phase of the Roman Catholic Church.

ALFRED STAUNTON.

Alfred Staunton: a Novel. By J. STANYAN BIGG, Author of "Night and the Soul," &c. London: James Blackwood.

MR. BIGG has not yet perhaps attained the power of producing a first-rate novel, so far as constructiveness and artistic skill are concerned, in this "Alfred Staunton;" but he has written a very clever, amusing, and readable volume—a volume, too, containing an amount of lore, philosophic thought, and poetic imagery, such as few of our modern novels display. "Night and the Soul" proved him to be a man of fine though somewhat diffuse imagination; passages in this new work tend greatly to raise our conception of the manhood and vigour of his intellect. In few of the novels of the day, except in some of Bulwer's, do we find any grappling with great questions, whether literary, philosophical, or religious. The writers are generally content to mirror the manners and catch on canvas the oddities of the hour; they are clever describers, admirable humourists, keen observers of character—but they are not thinkers, and their reading is limited in range and flimsy in substance. But no one can read the discourses of Doctor Heraud or the sceptical speculations of Robert Gordon, in the volume before us, without feeling deep respect for Mr. Bigg's philosophical sagacity, learning, and profound apprehension of the present strange, transitional, and uneasy state of thought. At the same time, while Mr. Bigg is fair and candid in recounting the sceptical arguments, his own leanings are obviously to the orthodox side; and he takes what we think is the best way of refuting the other, by showing its effect upon the life and history of its disciples. In this point the character of Robert Gordon is worth a thousand books of evidences. It is that of a man of vast talent and versatility, but who, void of Christian principle and having his heart chilled by a dreary scepticism, becomes a mere mass of selfishness, a cold, thorough-paced, yet eloquent and gifted villain. Dr. Heraud, again, with much that is pedantic in his character and conversation, is so learned, so pious, so earnest, and so amiable, that he quite wins your affections.

These two form the most intellectual and eloquent figures in the story. Alfred himself is one of our "new poets;" indeed, we can almost fancy him intended for the author himself. He is an enthusiastic and gifted struggler after truth; and after much severe suffering and many devious wanderings, he reaches it and the peace pertaining to it at last. Sir Joshua and Mrs. Gordon we do not like at all. There is nothing so good or original in their conception as to make up for the detestability of their character—they are "too bad," and you are disposed to pelt them off the stage. Very different are the two old brothers Dorell—amiable and religious in their general character, yet finely discriminated from each other in the subordinate shades; simple as two children; quaint also, and as laughable as loveable in the stiff Methodism of their creed and the Cumbrian peculiarity of their manners. The little, wicked Lawyer Meakins is amusing, but a little caricatured, and our author rather summarily disposes of him, sending him as Byron has it: "To the devil somewhat ere his time," by a tumble from a mail-coach!

The story we shall not forestall our readers by recounting. It is not particularly well concocted, but still it carries you on, and is, we suspect, in many parts founded on facts—an "owre true tale." The scene is chiefly laid in Cumberland, and the manners of the peasants and dalesmen there are described with great *vraisemblance* and considerable humour. We wish that Mr. Bigg had gone in a little further into the Lake country, and painted in his vivid style the wonders of its scenery. On the whole, the power of this volume lies principally in the admirable writing of several of its chapters. Take the following account of descriptive writing:

There are three methods of description—simple description; secondly, poetic description; and thirdly, dramatic description. The first is simply a literal transcript of external nature, altogether destitute of moral purpose, and possessing only that poetry which the still retreats of nature possess in themselves, and uncoloured by the imagination. It is objectively true. It may be beautiful, but it is the beauty only of colour, form, and proportion, the blank beauty of a dead child, out of whom the glories of life, the kindling emotions, the play of innocent passion, and all the graces of motion, sympathy, and humanity are gone for ever. The second is poetically true—true to the beautiful and subtle correlation between the human mind and external nature, and to those delicate and dainty threads of sympathy between the two which one poetically inspired seems to perceive, in which all the pathos, the sadness, the joyousness of the man and the situation well out and colour the landscape with their humanising hues, while they are themselves proportionately affected by it. This is description or exposition, whether in poetry, prose, or painting, requiring high artistic excellence, where the balance, so to speak, of the two forces—the simply human and subjective, and the simply natural and objective, has to be nicely adjusted, until the two seem to blend and form but one. This is that kind of moral beauty which the paintings of Raffaele preeminently possess, where the scenery and the backgrounds come in unobtrusively as parts of the situation, and where the very drapery of the figures seems gently to sympathise with the mental agony, the transport of adoration, or the still calm attitude of profound reverie, which it is the object of the painter to represent. And the third is dramatically true, when, in the tyranny of passion, in the wild whirl of irrepresible emotion, the features of the landscape as they are in themselves are utterly lost; where man is paramount and nature nothing; where the glare of imagination is the only light which it possesses, and the scene itself exists only as the shadow of a great woe, as the field of a mighty struggle, as the theatre of a tremendous passion, as the

temple of an ecstatic worship; and where objects are nothing if they do not mingle in that dance and rush of imagery which is always the language of any extraordinary excitement of the feelings.

This is finely thought and expressed, and, in the main, quite correct, only we do not think that the literal describer can reveal that "poetry which the still retreats of nature possess in themselves;" and certainly Scott, whom he adduces as a specimen of the literal describer, was often something more—as in the storm scene in the "Antiquary," in the description of Loch Ard in "Rob Roy," and a hundred other passages. We think we can, with a little more minuteness, classify describers. Of that genus there are, we opine, five different species. The first describes a scene or character as it appears to him, he having, through weakness of sight or inaccuracy of observation, missed the reality and substituted either a contradictory *alias*, or a vague something more cognate to the beholder than to the object. Then comes the literal describer; the bare bald truth before him is baldly and barely caught—a certain spirit, that hovered over it as if on wing to fly, having been scared away during the bustling details of the execution. Next comes the ideal describer who catches and arrests that volatile film, and expresses the life of life, the gloss of joy, the light of darkness, and the terrible sheen of death—in short, the fine or fearful something which is about the object, but which none but the eye of the gifted can see. Then there is the historical describer who sees and paints objects in relation to their past and future history, who gets so far within the person or thing as to have glimpses behind and before as well as about it, as if he was near it like a memory or a conscience; and the fifth is the universal describer who sees the object amidst its total bearings, and as representing in it more or less fully the great whole of which it is one significant part. Thus, suppose the object a tree, one will describe its character as "large" or "beautiful"—words which are sometimes not true and sometimes mean nothing; another will, with the accuracy of a botanist, analyse it into its root, trunk, branches, and leaves; a third will make its rustle seem the rhythm of a poem; a fourth will see in it, as Cowper in "Yardley Oak," its entire history from the acorn to the axe, if not from the germ to the final conflagration; and a fifth will look on it as a mouth and mirror of the Infinite—a slip of Igdrasil. Perhaps the fifth of this comes nearest to Mr. Bigg's idea of the dramatic describer. We know of some acute persons in the present day who nauseate all description except what is dramatic or incidental, and who skip every elaborate piece of scenic writing as an impertinence. We are not prepared, however, to sacrifice Thomson's "Seasons" and large portions of Scott's works to this theory. No doubt, incidental pictures of scenery, such as Shakspeare and Dante give, are the finer because unexpected and because done in an instant; but Milton's picture of Paradise, and Thomson's "Torrid Zone" and "Castle of Indolence," are magnificent too, and satisfy the expectation they raise. It is with describing as it is with seeing scenery. Were we falling in, unexpectedly, as we toured through the Highlands, with Dunkeld or Glencoe, we should be prodigiously struck; but as it is, we go to see them, and we are not disappointed. The glimpses men get of fine scenes as they hurry along on railways to business are delightful—but they are tantalising too; whereas, although deliberate journeys of pleasure sometimes pall, they often minister exquisite enjoyment. So let us be thankful for all good description—whether fitful and flashing as the lightning, or whether calm, broad, continuous, and all-revealing as the sunshine of a summer day.

APOLLODORUS.

FITZBALL AS A POET.

Bhanavar: a Romantic Poem. By EDWARD FITZBALL. London: T. Cautley Newby.

THE POET of "Nitocris," and of "Maritana," is determined to prove by the remarkable activity of his pen that his wreath is of bays and not of poppies. Scarcely have we recovered from the surprise and delight with which we hailed his autobiographic revelations—scarcely have our eyes recovered from the blaze of the sudden insight we acquired into the heart of the bard when lo! decked in pink and gold, as dainty as a bride, comes a new child of his genius, a worthy companion to "Nitocris." Let therefore those who bewail the poverty of poetry in this age, and who refuse to take comfort from the fact that the fifty guineas at the Crystal Palace called six hundred and twenty-one poets into existence, take heart. Even though fate should rob us of our Bunn, have we not a Fitzball left to amuse us—negatively if not positively.

The story of "Bhanavar" is taken with that coolness which sometimes characterises poets, without the slightest acknowledgment, from the "Shaving of Shagpat." To be sure Mr. Fitzball has good precedent for this; for did not Shakspeare take his plots ready made, and has not Molière dared openly to avow, not only the fact, but his right to do so?—"Ou je trouve mon bien je le prends." And, although Fitzball may not have made quite so good a use of his pickings as these two consummate masters of the art, it may at least be conceded that he has done his best—more than which cannot justly be expected of him. One tribute to Mr. Meredith might indeed have been rendered by Mr. Fitzball—his dedication; a compliment which, we dare to say, would have been readily dispensed with by the Countess of Westmoreland, upon whom "her ladyship's humble and obliged servant the author" has imposed her.

It is time, however, that we proceeded to leave all preface, and to give such of our readers as have not enjoyed an opportunity of

becoming acquainted with "Nitocris" a taste of Mr. Fitzball's quality. The object of the story upon which the poem is founded is to display to the ladies the perils of vanity and the danger of too much fondness for jewellery. The first canto opens with a description of the scenery amid which the action is supposed to take place:

'Neath where the snowy Caucasus
Lifts its white turban to the sky,
Deep mirror'd in a lake of glass,
The flowery meads of Indria lie.

Dotting those slopes of giant rock,
Mysterious, in the moon's pale light,
Stream white wing'd tents, as though a flock
Of Heaven-sent Peri's fann'd the night.

The reader will not fail to remark the happy audacity with which "Caucasus" is made to rhyme with "glass," and the tender novelty of the idea which compares an encampment of tents to a flock of flying Peri. Surely a flock of geese or sheep would have been more natural, if less poetical.

The descriptions of the hero and heroine are especially happy, though occasionally obscure, if tested by the severest rules of construction. Let the reader judge:

A nobler form than his did ne'er
Love's young affection gaze upon;
It's all of earth, or heaven, to share,
The Desert pride, the Emir's son.

A readier blade, than his, did never
Flash from the scabbard on the foe,
Nor more forgiving heart, nor braver,
Deaf or avert the deadly blow.

And he could love as heroes love,
Passion'd in truth's undying star;

And he *did* love, all maids above,
The beautiful young Bhanavar.
Of Indria's daughters, none so fair,
Pearled her white foot in the dew,
Nor braided, in her silken hair,
The golden threads from heaven it drew;
Her voice out-tuned the bulbul's note,
Pour'd from some fragrant op'ning rose
When moonbeams on the waters float,
Like young souls wafting to repose.

The lovers take a walk together and proceed to the lake, where, strange to relate—

Their forms are reflected in the water.

Which apparently has such an effect upon them that they go to sleep, when lo! as an envious spectator of their bliss comes the Serpent Queen, a lady who (so Mr. Fitzball informs us)—

Was not the father of all sin,
But one that bore a woman's arts,
A demon's deadlier breast within.

Suum cuique: here the italics are Mr. Fitzball's own. The Serpent Queen, however, (who would make a capital character in a pantomime and whose organisation, as here described, would tax to the utmost the powers of even the celebrated Dykwyntyn) wears a jewel of marvellous resplendence upon her brow. The luckless Bhanavar sees this gaud and desires it. Whereupon the poet ends the first canto with this sententious reflection:

So thro' the world we all the same
Into its scorching transports fly—
Burn our frail wings in pleasure's flame,
And with too much of life we die.

We put it to the reader whether we need trouble him any further with this kind of nonsense. For the benefit of those who would like to know what became of Bhanavar and Amyril, we may simply record that the lady insisted upon obtaining the jewel, and that her lover lost his life in gratifying her wish: a pretty moral, which very admirably points out the connection between Messrs. Storr and Mortimer and the road to the Bankruptcy Court. To those who wish for more minute information upon the point we can only refer them to the "Shaving of Shagpat." Our sole object in dwelling upon the matter so far is to illustrate the extraordinary taste, or, properly speaking, want of taste, that must exist in an age that can tolerate the publication of such balderdash and the existence of such entomological poets as Mr. Fitzball.

COUNTRY POETRY.

Hwomely Rhymes: a Second Collection of Poems in the Dorset Dialect. By WILLIAM BARNES. London: John Russell Smith.

ALTHOUGH IT IS JUST POSSIBLE that Corydon did not address Thyrsis in the elegant language which poets have attributed to him, it is undeniable that there is a native, indigenous poetry, proper to every country, even to every neighbourhood, which reflects the manners, represents the feelings, and appeals directly to the hearts of simple country folks, and which may best be described by Mr. Barnes's significant phrase "Hwomely Rhymes." No one who has ever walked about in England—as only walkers can walk, with wallet and stick, taking pot-luck and shelter at the modest alehouse—but is aware of the existence of a class of poetry as native as that which gave birth to the deathless epic of Homer. The mines of Cornwall echo with songs which have come from the hearts of the people that swell therein. Lord Macaulay tells how that when Bishop Trelawny was in peril of his life, the sturdy men of Cornwall came forth and asked in verse "hwomely," but as stirring as any song of Tyrtæus:

And have they fix'd the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.

Whoever visited Upware in the Fens without hearing that famous song, "Tis a glarus fine marning, the drums are a-beating"? What nook or corner of the kingdom is there without its peasant poet, destined to be less famous perhaps than the Ayrshire ploughman or the Inverury weaver, yet not less dear to those whom he charms with his songs on that account?

Mr. Barnes is already known to the curious in these matters on account of his former collection of country rhymes in the Dorset dialect. The collection which he now puts forward contains compositions of a more pathetic and didactic character than were to be found in the last; and, perhaps, it is all the more excellent on that account. Is there not, for example, both real poetry and feeling in this affecting little picture?

A FATHER OUT, AN' MOTHER HWOME.

The snow-white clouds did float on high
In shoals above the sheen sky,
An' runn'n weaves in pon' did chaise
Each other on the water's feice,
As huff'n win' did blow between
The new-leaved boughs o' sheen green.
An' there, the while I walk'd along
The path, droo leize, above the drong,
A little maid, wi' bloom'n feice,
Went on up hill wi' nimble peice,
A-leane to the right-hand side,
To car a basket that did ride,
A-hang'n down, wi' all his left,
Upon her elbow at her left,
An' eet she hardly seem'd to bruise
The grass-blades wi' her tiny shoes,
That pass'd each other, left an' right,
In steps a'most too quick vor zight.
But she'd aleft her mother's door
A-beare'n vrom her little store
Her faether's welcome bit o' food,
Vor he wer out at work in wwood;
An' she wer' bless'd wi' mwore than
zome—
A faether out, an' mother hwome.

An' there, a-vell'd 'tthin the copse,
Below the timber's new-leaved tops,
Wer ash'n poles, a-cast'n straight,
On primrose beds, their langthy
weight;
Below the yollor light, a-shed
Droo boughs upon the vi'let's head,
By climen ivy, that did reach,
A-sheen'n roun' the dead-leaved
beech.
An' there her faether zot, an' meide
His whomel meel bezide a gleide;
While she, a-croop'n down to ground,
Did pull the flowers, where she yound
The droop'n vi'let out in bloom,
Or yollor primrose in the lewth,
That she mid car 'em proudly back,
An' zet 'em on her mother's tack;
Vor she wer' bless'd with mwore than
zome—
A faether out, an' mother hwome.
A faether out, an' mother hwome,
Be bless'n early lost by zome;
Alost by me, an' zoo I pray'd
They mid be spea'r'd the little maid.

Few compositions in more polished language that we know of can exceed the following tender little flower of poesy:

THE MOTHERLESS CHILD.

The zun were zet back t'other night,
But in the zett'n plice
The clouds, a-redden'd by his light,
Still glow'd avore my feice.
An' I've lost my Meary's smile,
I thought; but still I have her chile,
Zoo lik' her, that my eyes can treice
The mother's in her daeter's feice.
O little feice so near to me,
An' lik' thy mother's gone; why need I
zoe,
Sweet night cloud, wi' the glow o' my
lost dae,
Thy looks be always dear to me.

Both reflective and poetic is

THE YOUNG THAT DIED IN BEAUTY.

If souls should only sheen so bright
In heaven as in e'thly light,
An' nothen better vor the ceise,
How comely still, in sheipe an' feice,
Would many reach thik happy plice,—
The hopeful souls that in their prime
Ha' seem'd a-took avore their time—
The young that died in beauty.
But when coone's lim's ha' lost their
strangth
A-twilen droo a lifetime's langth,
And auver cheiks a-grown wold
The slowly-weaste'n years ha' roll'd
The deep'n wrinkle's hollor wold;
When life is ripe, then death do call
Vor less vor thought, than we do vall
On young vo'ks in their beauty.
But pin'n souls, wi' heads a-hung
In heavy sorra vor the young,
The sister or the brother dead,
The faether wi' a child a-vied,

The zun were zet another night;
But, by the moon on high,
He still did zend us back his light
Below a cwoolder sky.
My Meary's in a better land
I thought, but still her chile's at hand,
An' in her chil' she'll zend me on
Her love, though she herself's a-gone.
O little chile so near to me,
An' lik' thy mother gone; why need I
zoe,
Sweet moon, the messenger vrom my lost
dae,
Thy looks be always dear to me.

Rather nearer to the humorous are the two pieces of philosophical morality about railroads:

THE RAILWAY.

I took a flight, awhile agoo,
Along the rails a stage or two,
An' while the heavy wheels did spin
An' rattle, wi' a deaf'nin din,
In clouds o' steam, the zweep'n train
Did shoot along the hill-bound plain,
As sheiks o' birds in flight, do pass
Below em on the sunny grass.
An' as I zot, and look'd abroad
On leane land, and wind'n road,
The ground a-spread along our flight
Vied stream'n backward out o' zight;

The while the zun, our heav'nly guide,
Seem'd riden wi' us, zide by zide,
An' zoo, while time, vrom stage to
stage,
Do car us on vrom youth to age,
The e'thly pleasures we do vind
Be soon a-met, an' left behind;
But God, behold'n vrom above
Our lonely road, wi' yearnen love,
Do keep bezide us, stage by stage,
Vrom be'th to youth, vrom youth to
age.

THE RAILWAY.

An' while I went 'tthin a train,
A-riden on athirt the plain,
A-clear'n swifter than a hound,
On twin-laid rails, the zwimm'n ground;
I cast my eyes 'tthin a park,
Upon a wook, wi' grey-white bark,
An' while I kept his head my mark,
The rest seem'd wheel'n round en.

An' when in life our love do cling
The clowest round zome single thing,
We then do vind that all the rest
Do wheel roun' that, vor 'u'st an' best;
Zoo while our life do laeste, mid nought
But what is good an' feair be sought,
In word or deed, or heart or thought,
An' all the rest wheel round it.

RITCHIE'S WINTER EVENINGS.

Winter Evenings. By LEITCH RITCHIE. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

IF WE ARE NOT MISTAKEN, the tales and essays now collected under this title made their first appearance in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*—a magazine ably conducted by Mr. Ritchie for several years. Under any circumstances they would

have been remarkable; the unfavourable nature of those under which they saw the light adds greatly to their merit and their value. Grace and ingenuity are qualities which we should, *primâ facie*, expect to be absent from the productions of the periodical press. We should rather look to find polish of style and fanciful refinement of thought, the result of easy leisure, and deliberate composition. Yet it is remarkable how much of this most agreeable description of literary excellence has actually owed its existence to the insatiable cravings of empty columns. *Tatler* and *Spectator*, *Idler* and *Rambler*, the essays of Hunt, and Lamb, and Hazlitt, have all made their appearance periodically, and doubtless been often written in hot haste and under the most energetic compulsion from typographers. Mr. Ritchie continues the traditions, and sometimes all but emulates the merits, of this most delightful school of writers.

It is this pervading charm of manner, far more than any homogeneity of matter, that lends an impression of unity to his volumes. The subjects treated of are many and various, as befits the caterer for the miscellaneous audience of a periodical. In one essay the problem of Ideal Beauty is investigated with acuteness; in another, Shelley's last question, "What is life?" is—not indeed answered, but stated and dwelt upon with impressive eloquence. The theories of rival aestheticians are briefly yet sufficiently examined and contrasted in the paper on the "Science of Art." In that entitled "The Author," the *désagrémens* of the literary profession are dwelt upon with the force of intimate personal acquaintance with the same. An extract from the chapter on "The Inner Life" will afford an adequate idea of Mr. Ritchie's ordinary vein of agreeable morality and acute reflection:

This inner life, we repeat, is the life of the man; and to direct our exclusive attention to the mere *circumstances* of his position as involving the whole history of the individual, is unwise. An author sends forth from his closet thoughts that awaken echoes in a thousand breasts, and the birth of which in his own has been attended by emotions of deep and permanent delight. His biographer, however, deals exclusively with the economical circumstances of the publication; and while lamenting the paltriness of the price it fetched, takes no account of the amount of pleasure it involved. He tells us that his hero has no history; that he followed the quiet and retired pursuits of a scholar, and only lived in his works: a fact which is literally true, although the words seldom awaken any corresponding ideas. Every line in the book is an impress of the inner life, as distinct as a physical action; and the curious observer, if acquainted with the subject treated of, might trace the sequence of the author's occupation, in the consultation of authorities, and in the progress of the reasoning down to the result enunciated. What a history would this make!—and yet it would be only a few grains of sand snatched from the stream of an hour-glass. Again, we say of an acquaintance, "He is a very domestic man; he lives in his family, and his whole mind and actions are open to them like a book." Yet this man, in point of fact, is almost a stranger even in his home circle. His brain is busy with speculations, and his heart with dreams, which neither wife nor child knows anything about; and in pacing through his parlour, filled with familiar faces and affectionate voices, he is more frequently than otherwise far away in the past or in the future, and holding communion with the distant or the dead.

Here is another passage in a similar strain:

It is in this way that love is a universal influence. It is an aspiration of our nature after something to exalt and refine it. We are told that Miss Constance Pensive inspired Lord Ernest with a passion—but that is nonsense. The passion already existed, and manifested its existence by its restless search after sympathy. If Miss Constance had not been found, or, being found, had not been attended by the coincidental phenomena which marked her out as the individual sought, it would still have lived, and looked, and yearned; the search would still have been continued, and would still have been the aim and business of the inner life. How many men, well up in years—men engaged in the anxious strife of the world, with brows wrinkled with care and paled with thought—start, and smile, or sigh, as they pace through their solitary room! And why? A phantom has crossed their path, and disappeared in the rich hangings of the window—the same that lightened on them for an instant thirty years ago, burning into their souls, with the flash, the conviction, that they indeed saw the original of the picture. And who was she, this lady of the past, this Cynthia of a minute? A mere passing stranger, seen for a moment, and then vanishing for ever:

One of those forms that flit by us when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
And oh! the loveliness at times we see,
The momentary gliding, the soft grace,
The charm, the youth, the beauty which agree
In many a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we know not, nor shall know,
Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below!

It is vain for such dreaming gentlemen to deny the soft impeachment. This was the cause of the start, the smile, the sigh; and this was the feeling which had humanised their nature, even in the midst of crosses and disappointments in the search itself. Bitterly we may smile at our folly in having clasped the shadow for the substance; but there remains behind, notwithstanding, the conviction that the substance does exist; and even if time has placed us *hors de combat* in the actual pursuit, we do not look less fondly, less confidently, into the abyss where dwells the lost Pleiad of our hope.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Ritchie's tales will constitute the most popular feature of his volumes. There are several of these, all very pleasing, and some of remarkable effect and ingenuity. Among these may be particularly noticed that which, opening as a story of enchantment, proves to be nothing more or less than an account of a commonplace ride on a railway. The surprise is managed with extreme skill, and it would be difficult to imagine a more striking illustration of the unnoted marvellousness that compasses our daily life. Some of the humorous stories are also particularly good, more especially the "Burglar Malgré Lui," and "Jemima's Supper." The following anecdote has all the air of a personal experience:

The solitary habits of the Londoners are sometimes productive of a little inconvenience. On one occasion I heard the following dialogue between an artificer of some kind, with a straw basket of tools hanging over his shoulder, and a female voice in a subterranean shop. "I say, ma'am, please to tell me where Mr. Thompson, the artist, lives; somewhere about here?"—"You must go round the corner," screamed the voice. "Do you know the lady as sells greens and ginger-beer?"—"No."—"Then do you know the house as stands all alone, without never a shop for two doors?"—"No," testily.—"Then do you know the apple-stall the police won't allow there by no manner of means?"—"No!" and the artificer got downright crusty. "Then you must pass all these till you come to the chandler's with the sign of the tea-canister. Mr. Thompson is in the one pair back."—"Why didn't you say that at first?" said the artificer angrily. "I lives there!" And, hitching his basket on his shoulder, he passed on to find in his own lodging-house the man he had been looking for all over the neighbourhood.

On the whole, it is long since we have seen two volumes to be more heartily commended and recommended.

ENDOWED SCHOOLS OF IRELAND.

The Endowed Schools of Ireland. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

BLUE BOOKS are not generally considered fascinating reading; and many persons, doubtless, will prefer Miss Martineau's brief digest to the ponderous blue literature which comprises the varied experiences of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Endowed Schools of Ireland. As the commissioners themselves are by no means agreed on the results of their inquiries, we outsiders may be pardoned if we refrain from passing any very decided opinion on moot points respecting Irish educational establishments. Miss Martineau's letters are generally temperate and logical enough, if we except her occasional diatribes against the classical languages and Church Education Schools. As the authoress takes up the cuckoo cry against the utility of the former, about which we cannot suppose she knows a great deal, we may be pardoned if we remind her that three-fourths of the clergy of the Irish Established Church are staunch patrons of the latter system of education. That the national school education in Ireland is excellent of its kind, we can ourselves bear witness, as well as Miss Martineau. But, after all, the gist of this little book is the undoubted deficiency of intermediate or middle-class education in Ireland. Between the Church education and national schools the son of an Irish labourer or mechanic has an opportunity of obtaining at least as good an education as any of the same class in Europe. That the higher grammar schools, generally speaking, do their duty, may, perhaps, be implied from the success which Irish candidates have had in the competitive examinations for Indian writings and for the artillery and the engineers; though, undoubtedly, Trinity College may claim a very considerable portion of the successful candidates as her own. We believe, however, the schools of Ireland would flourish much more than they do if the Irish middle classes had not such a mania for sending their sons to third-rate English schools, in preference to any they can find in their own country. Almost all wealthy Irish gentlemen nowadays send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge instead of to Dublin, moved partially by the superior standing of those Universities, and principally, we really believe, by a horror of their native brogue. So, too, do wealthy Scotchmen (doubtless for a similar reason) and at a sacrifice, as, *teste* Professor Blackie, education is better in the Land o' Cakes than in England. Yet the Irish brogue is regarded with much more horror by semi-genteel persons in the Emerald Isle than by the mass of people in England. If a stranger enter a London church he will often hear an eloquent sermon from unmistakably Irish lips; and sound law at Westminster and elsewhere is not less effective though daily delivered with a Celtic twang. Let us, however, not be mistaken. We neither sympathise with Welsh Eistedfods, Scottish Rights Associations, or with any of the innumerable grievances which many Irishmen are unceasingly labouring under. We believe the keeping distinct of geographically united nationalities to be bad enough for England, but infinitely worse for Ireland, Scotland, or Wales. *Ceteris paribus*, too, we consider it better for an Irish boy to go to school in England, as he will mix with a greater variety of schoolfellows, and in a manner see more of the world. But it must be remembered that education in England is, in general, much more expensive than in the sister isle; and a sum that can only maintain an Irish lad at some English Dotheboys Hall will, when united to the money spent in defraying the boy's journey once or twice a year between the two countries, furnish him with an excellent education in his native land. A Cockneyfied accent is too often all that an Irish schoolboy gains at an inferior English school. We are afraid, however, that there is a great want in Ireland of eligible middle-class schools. The sons of gentlemen and labourers can receive there a fitting education. But there are very few tolerable establishments to which farmers, shopkeepers, and small manufacturers can send their children to be educated, and consequently there is a great dearth of efficient young men to fill the posts of clerks, &c.; and this want is one which is daily more and more felt. England herself has not perhaps a very great deal to boast of in this respect, if we accept the decisions of the Oxford middle-class school examiners as conclusive. But judging from the reports of the commissioners, inferior as English middle-class schools in general may be, those in Ireland are infinitely worse. As the matter will very shortly be brought before Parliament, we recommend Miss Martineau's pamphlet to all who are interested in education.

SPENCE'S ANECDOTES.

Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters. By the Rev. JOSEPH SPENCE. With Notes and a Life of the Author by SAMUEL WELLER SINGER. Second Edition. London: J. Russell Smith.

THE "ANECDOTES" of kind-hearted Mr. Spence, the friend of Pope, is one of the best books of *ana* in the English language. We are glad, therefore, to find a new edition among the Library of Old Authors, now publishing by Mr. Russell Smith. We regret, however, that it should have been merely reprinted *verbatim* from the first edition published by the late Mr. Singer, forty years ago. Much curious matter concerning the persons and the times which Spence gossips about has come to light since then; and, it would have been possible, with very slight editorial pains, to have rendered the "Anecdotes" far more interesting and accurate. Spence was, unfortunately, not quite a Boswell. His statements, though always recorded with the name of his informant, are generally loose, and sometimes evidently erroneous—circumstances which may be explained upon the supposition that he allowed long intervals of time to elapse before writing down. In any case, it not easy to report a conversation correctly from memory; and even the skill of Boswell in this way, which it has become a commonplace to call marvellous, is best accounted for by the simple fact, which Boswell admits, that he was in the habit of submitting his notes to Johnson himself for correction. Spence had no such help; and his memory seemed to have failed him occasionally, as it was the duty of his editor to show. It is hardly possible, for instance, that Young, who knew the poet Richard Savage intimately, and must have been well acquainted with his story, could have related the absurd anecdote about Savage's supposed mother,

given at p. 270. We are told that the Countess of Rivers paid Colonel Brett's debts, and married him; and the anecdote writer adds, "when she died she left him (Brett) more than he expected, with which he bought an estate in the country, built a very handsome house upon it, and furnished it in the highest taste; went down to see the finishing of it, returned to London in hot weather and in too much hurry, got a fever by it and died." The lady who married Brett was not the Countess of Rivers, but the Countess of Macclesfield. The rest of the story is disposed of by the simple fact that she survived her husband, the Colonel, nearly forty years. It may be possible that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu stated that she had "fifty or sixty of Mr. Pope's letters," but the statement of the editor that "these letters were given to the world by Dr. Warton" is certainly erroneous. About a fifth part of that number is all that has even been discovered. Her name by the way, should be spelt "Montagu" and not "Montague" as the editor spells it; and the "Mr. Bowle" frequently mentioned in the notes in connection with her letters, should be "Mr. Bowles." We notice a few other such small inaccuracies, which are to be regretted in an edition so elegant in typography and paper. We trust that some competent scholar will yet give us a well-annotated edition of this delightful book.

Frederick the Great and his Merchant. From the German. By Lady WALLACE. 2 vols. (Bentley.)—The merchant of this story is the Prussian Gotskowsky, who founded in Berlin the first great silk manufactory, and was the first to open a traffic for "inland stuffs" between Poland and Russia. The period is of course during the "Seven Years' War." The wealthy merchant is anxious that his daughter Elise should marry his chief clerk Bertram; but Elise, who is young and beautiful, has formed an attachment which she dare not avow to the old patriotic merchant. In the vicissitudes of the war, Colonel Féodor von Brenda, a Russian officer, had been for some time a prisoner in their house, and Elise and he, hoping that the time would come when national hatred would be appeased, had secretly exchanged vows. Colonel Féodor, however, is not a hero of the perfect sort in which novelists delight. He had been already betrothed in the presence of the Empress Catherine to the Countess Lodoiska, and he has led in St. Petersburg a life of dissipation. At the siege of Berlin he returns with the Russian army, and on the taking of the city finds his way to a clandestine interview with Elise, who, being surprised, is compelled to hide him in her chamber. Here her father discovers him, and learns his daughter's secret; and the Austrian soldiers entering at the moment in search of a Prussian gunner whom they had resolved to slay, the old merchant declares Féodor to be the man. His life, however, is saved by the accidental discovery of his rank and name, and he is enabled to assist Bertram to ransom Elise, who has been taken by the Austrians. In gratitude she promises to elope with Féodor; but the Russian Countess, who has followed Colonel Féodor von Brenda, now arrives upon the scene—learns the secret of her lover's infidelity, and conspires with Bertram, the clerk, to prevent the elopement. Elise is informed of Féodor's prior betrothal; and when the hour for the elopement arrives, allows the Countess to personate her. Years after, when Gotskowsky's fortunes have been impaired by his patriotic sacrifices, the fidelity and tried attachment of Bertram become apparent, and he finds his reward in the love of Elise who becomes his wife. It would be impossible to follow all the turns and incidents of the tale, which is of the stirring, dramatic kind. The great siege of Berlin, the life of the Jewish community within the city, and other historical details, are painted with much force; the interest of the tale is sustained throughout; and its dénouement skilfully concealed to the end.

Parliamentary Map of England and Wales. (E. Stanford.)—Mr. Stanford has seasonably supplied a map likely to be very useful during the present discussion about electoral reform. This map of England and Wales has been prepared with great care to convey at one view the chief facts relating to the question of Parliamentary representation. The actual boundaries of the Parliamentary boroughs are delineated for the first time on a general map, and the extent to which the rural population contributes to the borough constituencies is indicated at a glance. The colours denote the number of members returned by each constituency, as well as its topographical limits. Those returning one member are coloured green; those returning two members are coloured pink; while those with three members are yellow. In the table on the margin of the map the counties are arranged alphabetically. The towns are inserted under the counties which contain them, including all that are represented, and also those with above 8,000 inhabitants which are unrepresented. After the name of each constituency follows the amount which it contributes in direct taxes, and the numbers of its total population, of its inhabited houses, and of its parliamentary voters, concluding with the number of members which it returns to parliament at present, and the number proposed by Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham, by Mr. Bright, and by the *Times* Correspondent. In the notes, attention is called to various facts, such as the total numbers of the town and county constituencies, the urban and rural populations, the adult males, the registered electors, the inhabited houses and the rated houses, as well as other data relating to the subject.

Popular Outline: of the Press, Ancient and Modern, or a brief Sketch of the Origin and Progress of its Printing, and its Introduction into this Country. With a Notice of the Newspaper Press. By CHARLES A. MACINTOSH. (Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.)—There was room for a popular manual of the kind fully indicated in the title, brief but complete, and Mr. Macintosh has pleasantly and skilfully supplied the deficiency. Few readers have time, opportunity, or inclination to explore the elaborate works of the Dibbins and Ames, and most will find all that is essential to be known in this clear and succinct little volume. The account of Caxton and his immediate successors is specially noticeable for the historical and anecdotal interest with which the narrative is invested. Mr. Macintosh informs us in his preface that "the compilation of the following pages was effected during such intervals as accrued in the varied and incessant duties incidental to an extensive printing establishment;" and we presume that it is he who contributes his name to the well-known firm

by whom the work is published. So seldom nowadays do publishers combine authorship with their other functions, that we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without indicating an important literary enterprise still neglected, and which gentlemen of Mr. Macintosh's professional pursuits and literary tastes are peculiarly fitted to undertake. We refer to a history of publishers. Caxton was printer, publisher, bookseller, and author, all in one. The division of labour attendant on the progress of civilisation has segregated these functions. Of printers and printing, of authors and authorship, we have many accounts; a history of mere booksellers and bookselling would not repay the trouble involved in it; but a history of publishers and publishing, especially in Great Britain, is not only a desideratum, but might be made a most valuable work. From Caxton to Tonson, from Tonson to the Constables, Murrys, and Longmans of recent times, what a field for interesting and instructive gossip and narrative!

Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire. Vol. X.—This volume reminds us more forcibly of foreign than of native works of its class. All who are conversant with local publications, of the French societies particularly, must have remarked the heterogeneous character of the volumes of their transactions, beginning, perhaps, with church architecture, then flying off to primeval antiquities, following with an unacted play by some fast member, and quieting down again with a treatise on geology. The volume of our English friends is certainly not so varied as this; but it combines within its limits examples of essays on most sciences, and is a near approach to the *omnium gatherum* of our mercurial neighbours. It is as if the members emulated every society in existence and "gave us a touch of their quality" in all. First we have a paper on population; then one somewhat affectingly called "Our Mother-tongue in our Father-land;" then "Notes on the classification of human knowledge," or, in plainer English, "How to arrange books in a library;" then "an azimuth card for the latitude of Liverpool;" a paper on *Lepidopterous* insects in the same locality; a description of El Sakhra, or the secret stone in the Mosque of Omar; followed by a detailed description of the Flora of Preston and the neighbourhood; a note of antiquities from Maçon, in the south of France; a memoir of J. H. Gwale; an historical sketch of photography; a paper on geology; more about insects; followed by a paper on slavery among the Saxons; on solar eclipses, icebergs, the microscope, and the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition. Certainly here is variety enough for the most discursive reader. A dozen ordinary societies would fail to present so much; and it would take the same number of critics to sit in judgment on so discursive a volume. We, therefore, feel bound only to speak of its "infinite variety," and to record our sense of the neat manner in which it is brought out with many good illustrations. More we cannot presume upon.

Concise History of England in Epochs. By J. FRASER CORRAN. (Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.)—This manual, which forms part of Messrs. Constable's Educational Series, is a creditable attempt to rationalise the study of history in schools by dividing that of England into great epochs, each marked by some special stride either in constitution or civilisation. These epochs are seven in number, beginning with the period between the Saxon and Danish invasions to Alfred, and ending with what may be emphatically called the Reform Epoch, from 1820 to 1858. The historical matter seems well selected, clearly expressed, and judiciously compiled.

The Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland for 1859. By Robert P. Dod, Esq. (Whittaker and Co.)—This is the nineteenth issue of this elegant and useful volume, which comes with the new year as welcome as ever. The eventful year which is just past has necessitated many alterations, among which may be specified the numerous additions to the Order of the Bath, arising out of the naval and military services in India, and the accession of a new ministry and consequent creation of new titles and official exchanges. To give some idea of the importance of these changes, it may be mentioned that changes have taken place with regard to 111 names of remarkable people.

Sermons by Eminent Living Divines of the Presbyterian Churches. Contributed by the Authors. (R. Griffin and Co.)—This is the second series of the division of Sacred Oratory in Messrs. Griffin's collection of British Eloquence of the Nineteenth Century. The Presbyterian section of the Church of Scotland is here worthily represented. The sermons given are thirteen in number; viz., by Dr. Tulloch, on "The True Doctrine of Christian Unity;" by Dr. McMichael, on "The Golden Rule;" by Dr. James Hamilton, on "The Multitude before the Throne;" by Dr. Fleming, on "The Necessity of Striving;" by Dr. Brown, on "A Prophetic Oracle and an Apostolic Annotation;" by Dr. Guthrie, on "Christ knocking at the Hearts of Sinners;" by Dr. Jamieson, on "The Duty of Prayer;" by Dr. Eadie, on "The Friendship and Sympathy of Jesus;" by Dr. Candlish, on "The Creation of the World understood through Faith;" by Dr. Lee, on a "Review of the Doctrine respecting War maintained by the Peace Society;" by the Rev. J. Logan Aikman, on "The Present and the Future;" by Dr. Buchanan, on "Temptation not of God;" and the Rev. David Brown, on "Our Responsibility to God."

The People in the Cathedral. A Letter to Dean Milman. By JOSIAH PITTMAN. (Bell and Daldy.)—Mr. Josiah, or as he prefers to have it quaintly printed, Josiah Pittman, is chapel-master and organist to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, and in this letter to Dean Milman he delivers his views upon the question of singing in churches and cathedrals, and the manner in which it should be used. By all who are interested in these matters it will be perused with deep interest.

Half Hours with the Microscope. Illustrated from Nature. By TUFFEN WEST. (Robert Hardwicke.)—At a time when microscopic investigation has become so general, whether as a study or a hobby, the beautiful little volume before us cannot be otherwise than welcome. It is, in fact, a very complete manual for the amateur microscopist, the "half hours" being devoted to descriptions either of the principles and construction of the microscope itself, or of the most interesting objects for investigation by its aid. The half hours spent in the garden, the country, in fresh water, the sea-side, and in doors, are filled with clear and agreeable descriptions of microscopic objects belonging to such localities; whilst eight plates, executed with the most beautiful minuteness and sharpness, exhibit no less

than two hundred and forty objects with the utmost attainable distinctness. It should also be added that the printing and paper of this little volume render it an article of luxury as well as of use.

The Fixed and Voluntary Principles: Eight Letters to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury. By EDWARD MIALL. (Ward and Co.)—These letters take their origin from Lord Shaftesbury's declaration at the Colonial Missionary Society's meeting last year, that whilst strongly upholding the fixed principle as necessary to the support of religion, he admitted that nothing but voluntarism is applicable to the colonies; and that, even at home, the Established Church requires to be sustained by the full development of the voluntary principle. Mr. Miall, eagerly seizing this admission, has not failed to extract from it the utmost corroboration of his own views—probably much more than Lord Shaftesbury intended.

Manual of School Management, for the use of Teachers, Students, and Pupil-teachers. By THOMAS MORRISON, M.A. (Glasgow: William Hamilton.) Granted that the best mode of managing a school is to subject all the pupils to an unvarying system of routine, this manual is the best guide-book to that system with which we have met. The author informs us that the hints conveyed thereby were originally designed for the use of the students attending the Glasgow Free Church Training College, in order that they might consult, at their leisure, the truths and principles upon which the various branches of their education is conducted. The plan of the volume is to discuss, in twenty-one chapters, the various branches of a simple education, and the principles involved therein—appending to each a series of questions sufficient to test the mastery which the pupil has acquired over the contents of the chapter. With regard to some points started in the chapter on "Discipline," we can by no means agree with Mr. Morrison; as, for example, when he argues in favour of corporal punishment. What can he mean when he says, that some children have "hearts so hardened, and natures so callous, that no argument and no intreaty will take effect on them but those which appeal to their sense of fear?" Does it not rather argue a want of capacity in the master to overcome by reason rather than by force a little viciousness or obstinacy, which he hyperbolically terms hardness of heart? A child that has really a hard heart, if any such exist, is a monster to whom education cannot be of service; and it is a belief that we have never hesitated to express, that the use of corporal punishment is a certain and inevitable sign of want of capacity or of industry in the teacher.

English and Scottish Ballads. Selected and Edited by FRANCIS JAMES CHILD. Vols. V.—VIII. (Boston: Little, Brown, and Co. London: Trübner.)—The four concluding volumes of an excellent American compilation of English and Scottish ballads. These four volumes comprise the Robin Hood Ballads, the Border Ballads, the historical and quasi-historical ballads, and a variety of miscellaneous ballads, humorous, satirical, burlesque, moral, and scriptural. A copious index is appended to the last volume which adds materially to the value of the collection, which, unlike the great bulk of American books, is well printed upon good paper.

On Rheumatism, Gout, and Neuralgic Headache, in relation to Deafness and Noises in the Ear. By WILLIAM HARVEY, F.R.C.S. (Renshaw.)—The author states that his design in the present treatise is to trace the relations existing between the ear and its appendages, and those gouty, rheumatic, and neuralgic disorders of the parts about the head, face, and throat, which often complicate, sometimes cause, and too often protract indefinitely, that very afflictive condition, partial or total deafness. Mr. Harvey, in tracing the links of this ravelled chain of morbid actions, has very frequently had occasion to observe that every form of disease treated of in this work has presented itself in one and the same case, but not always in the same order; that gouty cases often owe their violence to rheumatic action, resulting from exposure to cold; that rheumatism, on the other hand, is easily produced in a gouty subject, even when no gout actually exists at the time; and that neuralgic pains and deafness are both at hand ready to attack, even when they are not leading maladies nor even present among the existing symptoms. The same may be said of headache and noises in the ears, neither of which are long absent when the case is severe or protracted. Yet again, in other cases, noise may exist without headache, or headache without noise, or deafness without either. The author has, therefore, divided the treatise into three chapters—the first comprehending those cases where rheumatism is the prominent symptom; the second, relating to the gouty constitution; the third, to the neuralgic, or nervous. The important point of all others to which Mr. Harvey would call the reader's attention is, that whenever deafness may be clearly traced to any of these morbid conditions of the system as a cause, then the method of treatment suggested in this volume, may be relied upon with confidence. In fact, he has been much gratified in witnessing the relief which has often speedily followed the adoption of his simple treatment, the patient having been previously subjected to surgical manipulations, which not only inflicted a large amount of unnecessary pain, but in many instances aggravated the existing disease. The book is written in an unpretending style, and may be read with advantage by all suffering from deafness or disease of the ear.

We have also received Nos. I. and II. of *The Dictionary of Useful Knowledge* (Houlston and Wright).—A cheap and useful cyclopædia, designed as a companion to the "Dictionary of Daily Wants."—No. I. of *That's It* (Houlston and Wright).—A familiar exposition of the wonders of nature, simply explained, and useful to those who are least familiar with them.—*Reform: Look before you Leap* (Ridgway).—A pamphlet on the great political question of the day, recommending caution.—*M. Biot on the Parochial Schools of Scotland*, translated by the Right Hon. Lord Brougham (Ridgway). To his translation of M. Biot's pamphlet, eulogising the Scotch parochial schools, Lord Brougham has added his own letter to Lord Ardmillan, *à propos* of the memory of Burns and the dignity of the Scotch language.—*Routledge's Shakspeare*. Edited by H. Staunton. Part XXXIV. (Routledge).—Containing the greater portion of "King Lear."—*The Works of the Rev. Sidney Smith*. Part II. (Longmans).—*The Congregational Pulpit and The Pulpit Observer* (Judd and Glass).—The latter containing a sketch of Mr. George Dawson.—*The Unitarian Pulpit* (Whitfield).—*A Guide to Topography*, No. 4, by Henry Beadnell (Bowering).

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC IN PARIS.

THERE ARE WRITERS of a certain class to whom the world owes a large debt of gratitude, which it would take an early opportunity of discharging if it were only duly impressed with a proper sense of its obligations. These writers are, in a sense, like those who cut open with bone or ivory knife the leaves of a book for us, and who, to accommodate our indolence or want of leisure, indicate by means of dogs' ears or coloured papers the pages we should read of it, so that with small expenditure of time we are able to appreciate the quality of its cream and the flavour of its honey. They save us a great deal of mental exertion, which, properly considered, is not a saving; but in these days of high speed we are grateful, or ought to be, to the person who will place before us the kernel without giving us the trouble to crack the shell. Nuts are never so sweet as when we gather them on our own account, and break them with our own proper grinders. But supposing we have not the time to enter the thicket, supposing the molars are dull or reduced to stumps, supposing further that the nut-crackers are not to be found at the proper moment,—the person who places the almond or the filbert before us divested of shell ought to be regarded as a beneficent genii. Thus it is that index-makers, epitomists, tabulists, digesters, are the proper friends of an impatient or incapable humanity. They save us an immensity of trouble. This is especially the truth in the case of a voluminous writer who has achieved a reputation. We would willingly make ourselves acquainted with his works, we would know his opinions, we would learn his doctrine, we would fill ourselves with the manna of his wisdom and drink at the well of his understanding. Something is said about Homer in a nut-shell. How if we could have Plato or Aristotle in the compass of a penny tract! How if we could have the various schools of philosophy condensed into a pocket volume, and all the learning of the Fathers and Schoolmen made as come-at-able as the contents of a ready-reckoner! The span of a life-time is not sufficient to enable the most industrious to overtake even his contemporaries. If he were placed in a position, however humble, to enable him to pass judgment upon a popular writer, it would be something. By popular writer we do not mean popular favourite, but a writer who may be as often praised as censured, and respecting whom we should like to know all the truth. What is this doctrine so much decried on one hand, so commended for its soundness on the other? Why one week expose a man in the pillory and dock him of his ears, and the week following crown him with laurel and vote him a public statue? Because we are all ignorant of the man, and what he has really done and is doing; and this ignorance leads us into the company of curs to bow-wow at the heels of a steed, or in the company of jockeys to back the same steed carrying any weight. There are philosophical and political writers in France and Germany to whom these remarks are pertinent. The German school of philosophy is all beer and tobacco-smoke according to some; a highly refracting diamond according to others. The French school is socialistic, atheistic, eclectic, soul-destroying, will-o'-wispish, or it runs along a clear stream wherein we may see the pebbles in the bed truly, but in its course it refreshes, irrigates, fertilises. Of the modern school of French writers there are two whom we would desire to know more intimately—Michelet and Edgar Quinet. With regard to the latter M. Charles-Louis Chassin has placed the public under an obligation in his masterly performance, "Edgar Quinet, sa vie et son œuvre." Here we have a digest of all that Quinet has said and written and thought. It is a scientific index, or elegant syllabus, and henceforth we are without excuse if we plead ignorance of Quinet as an author and philosopher.

The life is not marked by any startling features; but it, nevertheless, possesses great interest. Quinet, in his "Histoire de mes idées," gives an autobiography, but it leaves off at the point where he has left school, when he was about twenty years of age. It is from this date that M. Chassin takes up the narrative—that is, from the year 1820 down to the present time. It is not only the life of an individual we have here, but the history of an epoch, of the last struggles of the Revolution with the Restoration—a picture of liberty, panting but still aspiring, powerful in its agonies but still doomed to be crushed and extinguished under the Bourbon hoof. It is a history of the press, first bound with cords of silk, then with hempen cables, then gagged and utterly stifled. It is the history of an independent mind—of the lad who went home to the paternal roof when he left school, bearing on the end of his staff his two greatest treasures, his violin and Latin Bible in quarto—of the young democrat who refused to enter the Polytechnic school, to the great vexation of his parents, because he should have to wear the white cockade of the Restoration—of the ardent student, who, after passing his examination in law and jurisprudence, refused an appointment in the bureau of the Ministry of Finance, choosing rather to suffer affliction and go on short commons than to be divorced from his favourite studies of history and philosophy. At an early age the German philosophy attracted his attention. Through an English translation he became acquainted with the writings of Herder. They became his study; and between 1825-27 he published his "Idées de Herder sur

la philosophie de la histoire"—a work which Cousin signalled as the *début* of a great writer. Soon after he made the acquaintance of Michelet, the writer of whom Victor Hugo has said with truth: "Know ye, my friends, who is the greatest poet of the day? It is a man who has never made anything but prose; but what prose! It is Michelet." The revolution of 1848 found both in professorial chairs in the college of France. The lectures of Quinet were attended to overflowing. Indeed, the hall of the college being too small for the audiences, the lectures were adjourned to the more spacious hall of the Sorbonne. It was here where, carried away by his ardour and cheered by the enthusiasm of his hearers, he indulged in such words: "I wish not merely that democracy should have its daily bread; with the spirit of my age I wish further that it may reign; this it is I demand by its sovereign virtues." And again: "It will be said that I am too exacting, that I exalt to the skies the ideal of democracy; this is true, but consider that it is necessary to place it high, that it may be seen as a pharos by the entire globe." This language might be very well in the year of revolutions, but was considered too acrid for quieter times. Quinet and his democracy went into exile together. No harm does this appear to have done him in some respects, and his numerous writings—on Italy, on the Slaves, the Roumains, on the philosophy of the history of France, on the moral and religious situation of Europe, and on other important subjects—testify to his industry and versatility. As we have already stated, it is in order to give a *résumé* or exposition of the life and labours of Edgar Quinet that M. Chassin has written.

We have mentioned Michelet, and Mario Proth, in "Le Gaulois," enables us to give a few particulars respecting this exquisite poet in prose. He was born in Paris the 21st of August, 1798, in the choir of a church which the revolution had converted into a printing office for the printing of assignats. He was one of a numerous family, and in his young years had to *rough it*; but he was neither spoiled nor made a stupid. He inherited a sound constitution which is greatly in favour of a child who is destined to exist in the close streets of a great city. He grew up, as he says himself, "like an herb without sunshine between two pavements of Paris, but an herb which has preserved its sap as much as that of the Alps." The father of his father, who was a professor of music at Laon, came to Paris, after the "Terror," with his savings and with his son, who after having worked for some time as a compositor in the assignat office was enabled to commence a printing establishment on his own account. During the revolution the establishment prospered; but when the press was condemned to silence it was endangered. The administration reduced it to the printing of a shabby ecclesiastical journal; the journal fell into the hands of a priest, and the priest betrayed the Emperor. In short, the evil day came, the father of Michelet was ruined, and had to print for his creditors works which belonged to himself. The broken-down grandfather did his best to assist; the sick mother folded, cut, and stitched, and Michelet composed acrostics and made himself generally useful in a small literary way. The family, almost without bread, did the impossible; but instead of sending Michelet into the Imperial printing office, where he was offered employment, they sent him, unknowing as he was of Greek and prosody, to the third class of the college of Charlemagne, where his professors, Villemain and Leclerc, were so charmed with his intelligence, that they often seated themselves by his side on the bench of pupils. His aptitude had no doubt determined his family to make sacrifices on his behalf. As a lad he was passionately fond of reading, romances especially. At the age of twelve, he informs him, he knew "four words of Latin," taught him by a village schoolmaster, who bequeathed to him all his fortune—"a manuscript, a remarkable grammar, but incomplete, as he had not been able to devote more than thirty or forty years to its composition." In a dark cellar the lad read, in the company of a spider, a mythology, Boileau, the "Imitation," and a *Musée* of French monuments. These were the first food of the future historian. In 1821, after passing a brilliant examination, he taught in the college of Ste.-Barbe, or in the Collège Rollin, history, the ancient languages, and philosophy. He was assiduous as a professor, and cultivated literature, if not upon oatmeal, upon fare as frugal. It was not until he had counted thirty years that he appeared as an author, in the "Précis d'Histoire moderne," and "Vico." This was in 1826. The revolution of 1830 brought him into notice; he was appointed to direct the historic section of the archives of the kingdom. Louis-Philippe—to whom, by the way, he never wished to be presented—made him professor of history to his daughter, the clever Princess Clémentine. Guizot, who saw in him a solid defender of Protestantism, confided to him the filling up of his chair at the Sorbonne. Fortune now began to smile upon the journeyman compositor in every direction. He was successful as an author, as a professor, and he married happily. The Institute (the section of the Moral Sciences) opened its door to him, and he mounted into the chair of Daunou in the college of France. It was here that his more youthful colleague, Edgar Quinet, shared with him the honours of eloquence. By the youth he was almost worshipped, and young ladies joined their tribute

of admiration to the future writer of the book "Love," and the historian of the heroines of the Revolution. In 1847 appeared the first volume of the "Histoire de la Révolution." In 1848, he preferred being a professor to being a deputy. "The Assembly lost him but France gained him." In 1851, certain arrangements, against which he vainly protested, disfigured his lessons, and the Government closed his course. On Dec. 2nd he gave up his situation in the Archives, much as he liked it, rather than take the oath. He was then a widower. He re-married, and with a woman tried by misfortune, and endowed with intelligence; he went to reside with her at Nantes, to write the "Bird" and the "Insect." Lately he gave us "Richelieu and the Fronde," and but a few weeks ago, "Love." It is said of him that he has still a young head framed in gray hairs. Born among the people, he is still one of the people. He is animated by the courage which can endure, and the charity which rejoiceth, not in iniquity, but which rejoiceth in the truth. Says M. Proth: "As he has all the merits, all the glories, admired by the intelligent, defended by the good, he is the terror of boobies. To intriguers and lick-spittles, who bawl and slaver, he has only to give the advice, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam';" but to do this it would require him to descend from his goodness and his genius; but he will not descend."

M. de Barante has allowed the republication from his "History of the Dukes of Burgundy" of a "History of Jeanne d'Arc," which in an anonymous preface, is addressed to the Christian societies of working men in Paris, but the price of the volume is rather beyond the reach of working men. M. Vallet de Virville published some time ago a pretty volume of anecdotes respecting Joan and her family, upon which ensued a curious geographical controversy between the departments of Champagne and Lorraine as to her nationality. The dispute still continues. Domberry, her village, is situated on the right bank of the Meuse, at the bottom of a hill which formerly made part of the duchy of Bar, the heights on the opposite bank formed the boundary of Lorraine. There was then only the narrow valley through which the river flows, which belonged to France from the earliest days of the Capetian monarchy. An ordinance of Charles V. confirmed it to France. Joan of Arc was consequently French, it is argued, and that it was necessary she should be so to explain her mission and her reception at the Court of Charles VII.

The Emperor Soulouque is at variance with his subjects. Respecting his rule and his court some interesting particulars will be found in a small work by M. Paul de Hormays, formerly of the Polytechnic School—"Une visite chez Soulouque."—Those who prefer more temperate climes wherein to visit will prefer the "Promenade en Hollande," by Mme. Louise Colet. The book is a succession of pleasant pictures delineated by an able hand.

GERMANY.

I.—The Drama.

Hanover, January, 1859.

THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS of the recent change of government and system in Prussia is not confined to that country alone. The whole of Germany, especially the North, which has always taken the lead in intellectual and moral progress, seems inspired with new life by the fresh breeze that is steadily blowing from Berlin. That Art should not be backward in taking advantage of this unlooked for, but much needed change, will not surprise even those least familiar with the characteristics of Germany. In none of its branches, however, has the advance been more striking, or more strongly marked, than in that which, mirror-like, reflects the various shades of the moral and intellectual training of a nation—"as it were, the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure"—the Drama.

Since the death of Tieck, or rather since he withdrew his activity from the field of the drama, the German theatre has been anything but national. True, the incalculable benefit he has conferred upon the German stage by the introduction and naturalization of Shakspeare upon it, could not fail to make itself felt. The German stage and the German nation looked upon Shakspeare no longer as an alien, but as a poet who belonged equally to all the tribes and nations of the German race; despite, however, the glorious model placed before their eyes, German productiveness began to wither under the pressure of all kinds of coercive measures and religious censorships. Even Schiller, German Schiller himself, was not allowed to address the public in his own words, because of certain "destructive tendencies," which were discovered in his most ideal verses. There were theatres where they dared not produce "Fiesco," others to whom "Don Carlos" was forbidden fruit, and the story of the theatre, which, by high command, had to alter the words,

One clan
Sacred and firm, of brothers will we prove,

into

One clan
... of uncles will we prove,

is, if not actually true, at all events not far from being so.

Under these circumstances, the managers found themselves under the necessity of encouraging the translation of certain politically innocent French comedies, and producing them, night after night, whilst the German poets, in writing for the stage, were compelled to import their heroes and subject matter from Greek mythology and Roman history, from Bible and Koran. Hence it came to pass that the German stage swarmed with mistresses of Louis XIV. and courtiers of Louis XV., with heroines in Greek chlamys and heroes in

Roman toga, with Jewish priests and Mahometan tyrants—a masquerade of such surpassing folly and utter barrenness as the history of the theatre has but rarely seen.

The cause of this unnatural phenomenon is more intelligible now, as the enjoyment of a pure current of air in the political and religious atmosphere, for the short space of scarcely one year, has sufficed to give an entirely altered aspect to the German stage. We see here again how directly the influence of the political tells upon the artistic life of a nation, and how infinitely necessary are exalted aspirations on the part of a nation to the full development of the power of its poets.

The praise of having taken the lead in this decided direction is due to a German nobleman, who fills a high place both in the political and literary world, Herr Gustav von Meyern. His play, "Heinrich von Schwerin," which was produced in the last spring, first at Weimar and subsequently at all the principal stages of Germany, treats that portion of Danish-German history in which the noble Henry, as German "Reichsgraf" and Danish vassal, has to fight through all those trying calamities under which we, in our days, have seen a whole people in the counties Schleswig and Holstein writhe and suffer. There could be no lack of matter for catching comparisons and suggested allusions, such as (especially in the Berlin theatre) have met and still meet with enthusiastic appreciation. Gustav von Meyern is privy-councillor of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and author of the much-lauded poems "Wellenlied" and "Ein Kaiser." It was to be expected that others would soon follow an attempt towards the re-establishment of national German drama commenced under such favourable circumstances and crowned with such extraordinary success. In fact, no long time elapsed before the German stage produced another drama, "The Last Will of the Great Kurfürst," by Gustav zu Putlitz, a poet, who has hitherto confined his talents to the production of attractive little fairy tales and comediettas of the smallest calibre. With his new play he at once takes his place in the first rank of our national dramatists. His subject is Prussian *as it is*, and treats an event of the reign of the great Kurfürst, the real founder of the Prussian monarchy as a European power. *Friedrich Wilhelm*, the great Kurfürst, partly because he doubted the energy of his successor, *Friedrich III.*, and partly yielding to the intrigues of the latter's stepmother, *Dorothy of Holstein*, against him, had drawn up a will in which he ordered the division of the Brandenburg-Prussian monarchy. How *Dorothy*, aided by France and Poland, attempts to give effect to this division in favour of her own two sons—how *Friedrich III.* rouses himself, and by his unexpected and heroic firmness forces *Dorothy* herself to tear the will—how he thus founds, as it were, the greatness of Prussia for the second time, and throws a new splendour around it by obtaining at the hands of the *Emperor of Germany* the right and title of an independent sovereign, and thus opens the line of Prussian kings;—such is the subject matter of this truly poetical drama, which has also as yet met with the most enthusiastic reception wherever it has been as yet represented.

The next piece of which we have here to speak, belongs to the time of the second King of Prussia, *Friedrich Wilhelm I.*, its hero being the famous Prince Leopold von Dessau, who still, under the name of the "Old Dessauer," keeps his place among the most popular historical figures of Germany. We mean the play "Die Anne Liese," by Hermann Hensch, who, with all his dramatic efforts, has never before soared so high as now that he has exchanged the *Sophonisbes* and *Meropes* of the classical tragedy for the living, breathing figures of German history. Pretty Anna Liese, or to give her the full compliment of her names, Anna Luise Fühse, is a citizen's daughter. Prince Leopold, not yet the "old," but the young Dessauer then, falls in love with her, and also in spite of the prejudices of rank and the exigencies of exalted station, marries her. The victorious contempt for the stubborn, heartless restraints of etiquette, which sits with such peculiar grace upon so popular a hero as the Dessauer, must, of course, finally be sanctified by the elevation of Anna Liese to the lofty rank of "Reichstürstin" by the Emperor of Germany. But in the eyes of the people it gives a peculiar relief to the favourite hero that his wife should have issued from their own orders.

But in order that among the number of dramatic heroes the era and the name of Frederick the Great might not be unrepresented, a fourth piece, "The Prussians in Breslau," by Arthur Müller, depicts in a humorous manner the incidents and intrigues by which Breslau, the capital of Silesia, is "conveyed" from the hands of the Austrians into those of the Prussians.

Thus it seems that, be the subject grave or gay, the genius of the German drama has turned again towards that great and important aim, that national tendency, which, in all branches of public life, politics, and art, is and will remain the highest, and promises indeed a new and worthy era to the German theatre.

We would, in conclusion, whilst speaking of the German theatre, also make allusion to a novelty in the operatic world, "Diana von Solangen," both on account of its success on some of the principal stages of Germany, as also of the name of its illustrious composer, no less a personage than the brother of Prince Albert, Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Our readers are no doubt aware that Duke Ernst is the composer of several operas, one of which, "Santa Chiara," has been given with success at the great opera at Paris; but this last composition leaves his previous efforts far behind. It is graceful in treatment, rich in melody, rapid and varied in its dramatic course, and we should not be at all surprised to see it welcomed, after a triumphant career in Germany and at Paris, at her Majesty's or Covent Garden.

THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

THE DRAMA.

ON MONDAY a new piece styled a comedieta was produced at the Olympic. It is an elaborate matter without much dramatic force, and seems to have been hard driven for a name, being entitled, "I've written to Brown." The intention is to show a comedian (Mr. Lewis Ball) in a state of perplexity; he having engaged himself to one woman whilst he is in love (if such attachments deserve so formidable a name) with another. This *Mr. Peregrine Dotts* has fallen in love with the sister of his betrothed, and they have become attached to each other; and, in fact, the lady at home has been afflicted with the same infidelity, being very warmly pursued by a neighbouring gentleman. *Mr. Dotts* makes many unworthy attempts to break off the match; and, on the advice of a friend, whose brain is always enthralled in weaving some stage melodrama, he pretends that this said friend has been robbed of all *Dotts*'s fortune, which he had ordered him to withdraw from his bankers. The lover of the widow is so infatuated, that, believing this story, he proffers the money, on the lady declaring that now *Mr. Dotts* has fallen into poverty she must marry him. She, however, suspects a plot and plays off a somewhat similar ruse, which necessitates an *éclaircissement*, and thus the mutual infidelity being exposed, each couple are properly matched. All this intricacy is poorly compensated for by the little gleams of humour which occasionally break out, and which elicited but faint laughter. *Mrs. Leigh Murray* was lady-like as the widow; *Mr. Gordon*, who manifestly improves, easy as the dangle lover; and *Mr. George Vining* exceedingly well made up as the melodramatic friend: *Miss Cottrell*, who had only to flit about as the great lady's second, was efficiently dressed, and looked the little part as well as need be desired. With *Mr. Ball* it is necessary to be more explicit. He is an actor who gave great promise at *Sadler's Wells* of becoming a complete comedian, but who, in an unaccountable manner, has not exactly failed at this theatre, but dwindled into an indecisive position. It is not for us to penetrate the mysteries of the green room; but it scarcely seems politic to have a kind of second to *Mr. Robson*, who may pick up the misfits that are not good enough for that extraordinary actor. Contrast is at all times better than rivalry, and it would be better for both parties if broader and bolder characters were given in the pieces not devoted to the chief actor—something more akin to the broad farce that was formerly given after the more delicate fare. *Mr. Ball* certainly manifested considerable quaintness and perception of low character, as in *Shakespeare's* clowns heretofore; and it is to be regretted he should be put into characters where the finest fancy and the nicest delineation of character are necessary to make anything of them; and on which, after all, the richest genius is often thrown away. Better to revive old pieces than give new, which cannot be stale, but certainly are often flat and unprofitable.

The only other novelty is the dramatising *Mr. Dickens's* last Christmas tale of "The House to Let," which has been boldly done at the Standard Theatre; the two stories being in no other way connected excepting as happening under the same roof. This often happens, indeed is daily occurring, in actual life in half a dozen stories of the myriads of the metropolitan and other town houses. *Le Sage* has long since used up the idea in his "Diable de boîtes." *Mrs. Honnor* and *Mr. Bigwood* performed *Norah* and *Chops* so as to deserve cordial mention.

At the Adelphi *Mr. Webster* has returned to *Tartuffe* and *Mr. Toole* to *Crankey*, the working-man, in the really excellent farce of "The Birthplace of Podgers." On Thursday *Mr. Planché's* pretty extravaganza of "The Invisible Prince" was revived, which is a much pleasanter novelty to those who have never seen it, and far more agreeable to those who are well acquainted with it, than dismal melodramas, however novel their titles, or even their incidents.

An event has occurred that must set all memories fraught with theatrical affairs, into a state of activity—the death of *Mr. Farley*, fast advancing to his ninetieth year. The contemplation of his career carries the mind over two generations of actors, with glimpses of a third. He must have seen the two generations of the *Kembles* rise and set; and have lived not only to see that fine race histrionically extinct, but have witnessed the complete circle of their style from its rise to its dissolution. He saw also the birth and extinction of another remarkable sect of acting—the *Kean* frenzy—which, though it had at its height so many vehement followers, has blazed itself out. During that period he saw the *Coleman* and *Moreton* school of drama rise, culminate, and fall. He himself assisted at the birth of the genuine melodrama, and actually played in the very first introduced from Paris to the English boards—"The Tale of Mystery." He, moreover, has left upon old playgoers an indelible impression of *Grindoff*, the hero of "The Miller and his Men," which lives in our minds as the most picturesque and stirring of all dramas of this species, with its petty music and its terrific explosion; though the "Dog of Montargis," with its dumb hero, almost disputes with it for the palm of excellence. But *Mr. Farley* was also the creator of the heavy, gorgeous, and spectacular melodrama, such as "Cherry and Fair Star;" and we have a dim remembrance of his exceeding dignity and grandeur, chiefly expressed by a monstrously emphatic utterance, and a swelling grandeur of mien, in a piece wherein he enacted the *Magician of the Ebon Wand*. All these glories faded away a long time before he himself went into the land of shadows; and he really must have found himself at the end of his career in so totally different a theatrical region that he could not have recognised it as the same in which he passed his meridian existence. Five-act tragedies gone—five-act comedies nearly so. The old farce exploded. The Parisian drama triumphant, Burlesque in its prime, and only a few landmarks, such as *Shakespeare's* half-dozen acting plays—indicating that the theatre is really the same place where he and his compeers entertained the British public. Such reflections give us pause, and make even a critic reflect that his axioms and his theories must be laid deep in human nature, so that they may separate the essential from the transitory, and teach him to mark what owes its reputation to fashion and taste, and what to the true impress of genius.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[FIRST NOTICE.]

THE earliest of the spring exhibitions, that of the works of British artists, opened on Monday, with 579 pictures and thirteen small works of sculpture. Principally the essays of junior artists who have progressed only a short distance on the road to patronage and fame, they appeal to the milder consideration of those who assume to judge of their merits or weaknesses. A few of those artists who have gained the honours of the Academy, or are well-known as producers of works peculiar to themselves, intrude amongst the crowd; but the majority claim kindly criticism as much on account of the humble course of their careers as the pleasing home scenes in landscape and common life which form the staple of their productions. We cannot all be masters, and the class of works sent here are not only those which their authors can best produce, but they are also best appreciated by a public who enjoy the domesticities of their own land before the heroics of Greece, and prefer the poetry of Goldsmith to the best translation of Homer to be obtained. It is but vain pride to term such pictures mediocrities; the roadside views, the moors and vales, the beach and cliff, the cottage and lane, the humble interior or the village group, raise in the bosoms of the English of all classes, as much feeling and sentiment as the most learned classic taste ever enjoyed. The scene from a drama or a subject from the Scriptures as nearly approach to the extent of all the high art that can find encouragement in England, as can generally be expected; nor do the historic events of the nation obtain, when treated pictorially, the ready interest of humbler episodes. This being understood, the class of pictures here exhibited are justly fitted to be more

popular than works of grander aims, and the present collection is, as a whole, most excellent and satisfactory. The writer in the *Times*, who spent six hours in their study and found them meritless, must be a man of brass, to whom a pedestrian tour through his country with some lover of life and nature, would be a real re-creation.

The bad pictures to be found amongst them are few indeed, and these are for the most part the sketches of men whose day of effort has passed. The ordinary works show no carelessness, but are rather the monotonies of warped lives—artists who have compassed the circle of their talents, and ploddingly proceed in the work that accords with their powers, and these often the best of their kind. But the excellent pictures are numerous, and in each class more varied than any other school in Europe could display. Ask *M. Silvestre* if the art expositions of France, could show the nature of his country in so many aspects as our English scenery in the landscapes here. Can only the Pyramids and the mouldering Sphinx of the Desert be poetical? The river we have swum across, or the upland where we saw the sun rise out of the sea, inspire us as much. We hold the academy studies of *Etty* or the sulphurous scenes of *Martin* to be well exchanged for the true, the pretty, and the pleasant pictures which we now proceed to select for observation.

"Sardis," by *H. Johnson*—a view of the site of the ruined city, with a fine effect of sunset, painted with talent and care; "The Sandpit Road," by *R. Redgrave, R.A.*—a small example of the painter, equal to former works; and "Bragozzi," by *E. W. Cooke*, a scene of glittering salt water, commence the catalogue. Further on we come to a very attractive little "Peep of the Sea," near Fairlight Glen, by *S. Percy*—a view from the furze-covered down of the Channel, with the narrow gorge running down on the left. "Agua Santa," by *E. Long*—Spanish peasants at the entrance of a church, passing holy water from hand to hand, by which a young female contrives to recognise the presence of her lover; a well-painted picture capably grouped. "Evening, from Plymouth Harbour," by *J. Danby*, is a fine sea view in the manner of the artist's father, and of almost equal quality. The bust portrait of a little girl, by *J. Sant*, painted with great force and vigour, and presenting a sweet face with eyes of eagerness, is one of the rarer pictures. "A View of Florence," by *C. Burlison*, shows the city of artists in its brightest and sunniest light. *Mr. Ansdell* sends two of his fine characteristic Spanish subjects—one a landscape, the banks of the Guadalquivir, with cattle and their drovers, tall gallant fellows with long poles, their horses and the oxen in the stream painted to the last perfection of texture and colour; the picture is also fine for its perspective and atmosphere. The other, "Dos Amigos," is a man and a woman on a horse in conversation with a man—a commonplace subject vividly realised. *Mr. G. Lance* still holds his own as the gorgeous fruit painter, though followed by *Mr. Duffield* and others with facile skill in imitation, and surrounded by many who, in rendering fruit, flowers, and birds' nests with close adherence to nature, serve for the simpler tastes of those who do not think gorgeous effect supplies the want of truth. Two large excellent landscapes by *Mr. Peel* are remarkable for the exact colour of nature and simple treatment, whilst the landscapes of *Stanfield* and *Niemann* maintain the reputation of their painters. *Mr. F. Dillon's* "Sunrise in the Desert" is certainly a fine example of grandeur and solemnity among the landscapes, and fully deserves its position. *Mr. W. Hemsley's* "Bird-catching" is perhaps the most effective bit of rural life, with appropriate colour and energy in the boys who are so eagerly attending to the pursuit. *Mr. J. Clarke's* "Cottage Door" is a perfect little work, taking its subject from the happiness of an artisan's family. The father is gleefully tickling the baby in arms with his pipe, whilst another tiny thing is swinging to and fro by holding the apron of the happy mother. The drawing and colour of this work is unexceptionable. *Mr. L. Haghe* has attempted oil, taking his subject from artist life. An aged professor is engaged on his last picture, in sickness and infirm, by his side his child is learning to draw; a sad subject, but not exaggerated in the appropriate feeling. A splendid golden sunset on the banks of the Trent by *H. Dawson*, is one of the most enthralling landscape in the exhibition. Painted in close resemblance to the best manner of *Turner*, it successfully sustains the air of enchantment which hung around his views; and the tremulous play of detail in all the parts with beautiful harmony, and colour not far removed from nature, make it a splendid work. *Mr. T. Danby* has two good specimens, "Where the Birds Sing," and "The Lake of Maggiore." *Mr. H. Jutsum* sends several of his pleasant home-scenes; and *Messrs. Williams* and *Boddington* have many clever pictures; but there are many more deserving the attention we shall give them next week.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. J. F. LEWIS, the artist whose picture in water colours, "A Frank Encampment in the Desert," and other excellent works, earned for him a great reputation among water-colour painters, has been chosen for the honour of being made a Royal Academician. Mr. Woodington, the sculptor, also went to the ballot at the election.

Several new portraits have been recently added to the National Portrait Gallery.

Mr. R. Westmacott, R.A., delivered the third of the Department of Art series of lectures at the Kensington Museum, on Monday, "On Sculpture in Relief." It was fully attended.

Mr. Frith, the Royal Academician, is hard at work on a likeness of Mr. Charles Dickens for exhibition at the Royal Academy. The portrait is already highly spoken of.

A bust of J. A. Roebuck, M.P., by Mr. Papworth, has been exhibited for some time at the Council Hall, Sheffield, and a subscription for its purchase for one of the public institutions of the town commenced; yet notwithstanding its exact resemblance and excellence as a work of art, and the popularity and reputation of the Radical member, not sufficient was raised, and the bust has passed into private hands.

Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A., as Secretary of the Royal Academy, has written a complimentary reply to the letter of M. T. Silvestre, on the subject of the exhibition of pictures by British artists in the Palais de l'Industrie at Paris, in April. Mr. Knight says that the President and Council of the Academy feel that the invitation deserves an earnest response, but does not mention any intention to practically aid it beyond communicating the offer to other art societies.

It is gratifying to know that the formation of the collection of pictures for the National Gallery of Ireland will not be retarded for want of funds, notwithstanding that no grant of public money has yet been granted for the purpose. The Earl of Eglintoun has handsomely subscribed 100*l.* towards the fund for the purchase of works of art, and with similar assistance from the wealthy nobility of Ireland, the new gallery may be expected to contain in a few years a collection equal to the rank of the fine city of Dublin, of which it should be a chief ornament.

The plan for erecting on the summit of the cemetery at Greenock, a noble monument to the honour of James Watt, the design for which has been well approved, has been recently considered by the town council of that city. It is wished that a grant towards the estimated cost, 10,000*l.*, should be made from the town funds, as a stimulus to private subscriptions which have not come forward so readily as the promoters, from the claims of the genius of Watt on the industry of this country, led them to anticipate. Liberal offers of materials in kind have been made, and the commencement of the work would soon bring more.

In continuance of the system of illustrating and explaining the various fine-art courts of the Crystal Palace, Mr. Pepper commenced a new series of lectures on the ancient Moorish palace of the Alhambra and the Alhambra Court at the Crystal Palace. These lectures will be accompanied by dissolving views from photographs of the original buildings, taken on the spot by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra. As a means of comparing the reproduction of this interesting style of architectural decoration with the originals, his course of lectures will be valuable to the connoisseur, and as they will be accompanied by explanations of the customs and habits of the Moors, will also present a general educational interest of a superior order.

A meeting has been held at Stoke-upon-Trent to commence a subscription towards the erection of a monumental statue to the memory of Josiah Wedgwood, F.R.S., the improver of the pottery manufacture, and the man who first combined artistic taste with excellence of quality in the articles produced. The development of the industry of Staffordshire owes much to the increased sale he created by the addition of the elements of beauty in form, colour, and relief, in the articles he produced to the goodness of material; yet sixty years have elapsed since his death without any memorial of his ability and exertions having been erected in the district which dates the basis of its prosperity from the commencement of his labours.

The Art Union of Ireland, which has been just established with good auguries of success, will attempt, by a more simple and novel plan, to offer greater encouragement by its expenditure to the general body of artists. The system of giving to each subscriber an engraving or other work will be discarded, and the whole income devoted to the purchase of prizes of the value of 5*l.* and upwards, to be selected by those amongst the subscribers who obtain the right to the prize. It is calculated that the funds will permit a prize to be gained by one in six of the subscribers; and though the majority must thus forego all advantage, it is thought that the chance of selecting a single work by the exercise of their own taste will be more agreeable to the body of subscribers than the possession of a print common to every one, and frequently not to the taste of the possessor. That the system will create a demand for small pictures, and thus supply a means for the

encouragement of the young artists, is certain, and in this way it may be serviceable.

The town of Bonn has resolved to have memorial slabs placed upon the former dwellings of Niebuhr and A. W. von Schlegel.

The Art Exhibition, opening on April 15, at Paris, will take place in the Champs Elysées, where the preparations have already begun.

On May 11, the birthday of the poet Hebel, the monument which has been erected over his grave, at Schwetzingen (Baden) will be solemnly inaugurated.

A celebrated painting by Ary Scheffer, "Saint Augustin and Sainte Monica," which was in the Manchester Exhibition, has just been purchased by the French Government from his heirs for rather a considerable sum.

The little town of Vaucouleurs, near the village of Domrémy, the birthplace of Joan of Arc, has, through its municipal council, just voted the sum of 10,000 francs for the erection of an equestrian statue of the heroine, on the public square of the town; and the neighbouring towns have contributed their aid to the work.

There is now preparing in Paris an exhibition of the works of Ary Scheffer, which, it is expected, will be complete, in so far as it will contain pictures of his separate periods, including the portraits of eminent Frenchmen in his own possession at the time of his death. He had also retained many of his favourite subjects from the poets, remarkable among them was the celebrated "Francesca da Rimini." The great artist preserved his exquisite fancy and imagination until his last, and continued painting, though he abstained from exhibiting, as his works were always sold before completion.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

"OLD AS THE HILLS," has become so common a phrase in comparative antiquity, that its original force is well nigh spent. If it have any weight in determining dates of musical productions, the most fitting to which such a term can be applied is, the ballad opera attributed to and owned by Gay. That facetious entertainment known as the "Beggars' Opera" has kept a place on the stage for full 130 years; and although much of its original piquancy has evaporated through the filtering processes of time, the change in generation, and the altered state of society, yet its native wit, humour, and satire are sufficient to make it still attractive, while the melodies so liberally scattered over the whole surface come out when awakened, with all the freshness and redolence of flowers visited by the summer breeze. The Royal Polytechnic Institution, in the construction of a recent programme, has placed in the ranks of interesting and instructive items an "entirely new and historical lecture," illustrating the beauties of this very early ballad opera. A corps of five vocal and instrumental performers expounds what the bill of particulars defines as "the vocal gems." In essaying these, the merits of the expounders are, almost as a matter of course, relatively manifest. The entire reading of the lecture, and some portions of the vocalisms, are assigned to Mr. Lennox Horne, who is evidently no novice in such matters. With reference to the materials called to construct this "entirely new history," we would merely state that foundation, coigne, beam, rafter, and roof, are to us tales so old, and often told, that the memory has become blunted with the repetition. But as the lecture was written more for the edification of the unlettered in Gay than old playgoers, Mr. Horne's remarks were listened to with respectful attention, and thus far an important end was gained. Miss Roden and Mr. Thorpe Peede assisted in the illustration of the songs of *Polly* and *Captain Macheath*. Miss Roden has a clear ringing voice, but not under sufficient control to produce a finished effect. "Cease your funning" obtained a merited encore. Passing over the few defects of the representation in question, we incline to the opinion that the directors of this popular institution will find that "The Beggars' Opera" will remain for some time to come one of their many attractive features. A trio composed by Mr. Thorpe Peede was added as a finale, entitled "Blessed be the great."

The programme put forth by the Crystal Palace Company on Saturday, the 5th inst., was a commendable one, seeing that it was not too long, and that the great majority of the pieces comprised in it were from the pens of highly distinguished musicians. Herr Pauer was the instrumental soloist. He selected a concerto of Mendelssohn's, and the *andante* and *finale* of Hummel in B minor. Ere the star of Mendelssohn so irradiated the musical firmament, the works of Hummel shone with a glorious lustre. Liszt was passionately attached to the B minor, and always created a sensation by his brilliant performance of it. Herr Pauer executed this very pleasing, original, and masterly production with a correctness, ease, and effect that obtained for him, not only the approbation of "the listening crowd," but more than this from those farther advanced in knowledge of the capabilities of the pianoforte, the composer's text, and the expounder's mode of interpretation. Mozart's "vocal" symphony in G minor was another treat. Of all Mozart's symphonic compositions, that

denoted by the seventh letter of the alphabet is doubtless the most poetical and impassioned. As it was composed for a small orchestra noisy instruments were shut out; the score exhibits a great genius and a mighty mastery; the enjoyment, therefore, to hear it unravelled, is exclusively a musical enjoyment, wholly independent of the excitement derivable from loudness and brilliancy. The last movement, one of those instances of erudition of which the world has but too few specimens, came forth with a gorgeous potency, notwithstanding the absence of those instruments naturally boisterous, and too often physically oppressive. It was listened to with that respectful attention which music claims that has inherently the power to win the ear, and the influence to enchant it. On the vocal portion of the concert we care not to dwell. Mme. Amadei and Mr. Crozier were the chiefs. The former sung the torn and tattered *brindisi* from "Lucrezia Borgia," and an *aria* entitled "Regret," by Linley; the latter selected an *aria* by Hobbs, entitled "Nina," and Lover's very sentimental "Molly Bawn."

The Handel Choral Society have organised their meetings to take place every Monday evening at the Foundling Hospital. The chief object of the institution is to meet for the practice of choral singing, secular as well as sacred, under the conductorship of Mr. Willing, organist of the Foundling.

The Opera Comique Company at St. James's have varied the performances of the week with "La Fille de Régiment," and "Les Diamants de la Couronne." On Monday "Le Domino Noir," was announced, but the sudden indisposition of Mme. Faure necessitated the postponement of that evening's performance altogether.

Mendelssohn's 50th birthday, Thursday, the 3rd, was observed by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall, when the last finished bequest of the lamented composer was performed. Of such a work as "Elijah" it is not needful to speak; almost everybody has heard it, and to those persons familiar with the manner in which it is executed by the above society, a mere notice of its occurrence will convey a tolerably correct idea of general excellence. Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves and Sig. Belletti were the chief soloists.

St. James's Hall had fewer bright lights on Monday evening last than usual. Wieniawski was the leading star, and doubtless brought together no inconsiderable portion of the general bulk. To the great majority present he was a great violinist unheard. The fantasia composed by himself—twice previously noticed—was wonderful as ever, and in many parts pleasing, independently of that modification of pleasure which is produced by surprise. Mme. Anna Bishop, with Miss Poole and Messrs. Cooper and Santley, were the principal sharers in the fortune of applause. Besides the contribution of these there was an abundance of the material which enters largely into what are known as "Popular Concerts." Details with reference to them would be more tedious than interesting. At the next meeting the directors have resolved on devoting the evening to Mendelssohn. From the rich stores of his vocal and instrumental chamber music, will be selected pieces capable of affording a really intellectual treat, and of the highest order, among which will be the grand quintet in B flat (Op. 87 posthumous) for two violins, two violas, and violoncello; a sonata in B flat for the organ, and a fugue ("Magnificat"), also for the same instrument.

A medical interdiction received by the directors of the Vocal Association from Mr. Sims Reeves to the effect that he must "suspend all public engagements for the next fortnight," disconcerted their long organised plans. Luckily, they were not left without some one to fall back upon. A very fitting deputy was found in Mr. Wilbye Cooper, so that the absence of the leading tenor was felt more in imagination than in reality. Wednesday was the first dress concert of the season, and St. James's Hall would doubtless have been pressed to its utmost capacity had the original announcement been verified. Taking the disappointment of many into account the attendance was not a subject for complaint. The programme was very ingeniously constructed; it exhibited a cluster of glorious names, while the band, consisting of the *élite* of the profession, imparted a glow, finish, and precision to the music itself that left nothing to be desired. Beethoven appeared at the outset in "Leonora" (Fidelio, No. 3), and was greeted at the close in "The Ruins of Athens." Immediately following the opening overture were three arias by Handel, selected from works now best known to a very narrow circle of his admirers: "O voi del' Erebo" ("La Resurrezione") Mr. Santley; "Ritorno alle ritorte" ("Arminio") Miss Palmer; and "O beauteous Queen" ("Esther") Mr. Wilbye Cooper. Such an opening up of treasures is a movement in the right direction, for after all the boasting of the present day about the knowledge of Handel, the fact is, we know little. Stores of gems lie buried in the dust of neglect. Dr. Bennett's "May Queen" was a very prominent feature. This new cantata brought the vocal capabilities of the Association to the test. With a slight occasional tendency to waver—more than compensated for by earnestness—the force went through their evolutions in a manner that won enthusiastic admiration from the auditors; nay, more, the com-

poser himself was one of them, and who at the close was called on as "with one consent." The new music to Latin words of "The Lord's Prayer" by Meyerbeer, exhibited the very meritorious efficiency the choir had acquired by careful and critical rehearsals. A part-song, composed expressly for the Vocal Association by Otto Goldschmidt, was performed for the first time on Wednesday. Miss Stabbach, in addition to the impersonated music of "The Queen of May," sang the grand scena from "Oberon," and Mr. Wilbye Cooper "O cara immagine," from "Il Flauto Magico." Thus from among the illustrious dead, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, and Mendelssohn, were brought to view; among the living, Meyerbeer, Bennett, and Benedict, the latter of whom has especial claims on the present generation, for the activity, skill, and musical erudition so frequently brought into exercise for the furtherance of "the art divine."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

MME. CATHERINE HAYES has been making a short tour northwards, winning golden opinions and golden results wherever she goes. On Saturday last she gave a concert in the Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, Miss Armstrong, and Mr. Allan Irving as vocalists; Mr. Streather as solo harpist, and Mr. D. W. Banks at the piano. According to the *Manchester Examiner and Times* nearly two thousand people were in the area alone, besides a large attendance in the gallery and reserved seats. An able writer in the same journal states that Mme. Hayes sang "Casta Diva" with all the finish and richness of tone of an accomplished artist. "The ballads in the second part, 'Savourneen Deelish,' and 'The harp that once through Tara's halls,' were declaimed—for that is the true term applicable to the singing of such music by Mme. Hayes—in a manner that showed how thoroughly she appreciated and felt the spirit of the poet, as well as the beautiful old airs to which the words have been immortally wedded. We know nothing in song so affecting as the first of these, when given with such expression, and on Saturday there was no mistaking its effect in the rapt attention and the burst of cheering at the close. The encore brought the 'Last rose of summer,' and a similar compliment bestowed upon 'The harp that once' secured a further gratification in 'Home, sweet home,' which was loudly called for. The cheering was again great, the people becoming quite excited, and extending their enthusiasm to the waving of hats and other expressions of admiration. We must not overlook a couple of part-songs, 'Come and watch the daylight dawning,' by Saml. Reay, and 'I love my love in the morning,' by G. B. Allen; these were given by Mme. Hayes, Mrs. and Mr. Lockey, and Allan Irving, in a style that we have never heard surpassed. It was very like the perfection of part-singing, and added greatly to the success of the evening."

On Monday evening last Mme. Hayes gave a concert at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, which was numerously attended, and where she met with a most enthusiastic reception. The *Liverpool Mercury* says: "She exhibited her well-known and imitable genius as an *artiste*, her greatest triumphs being the expressive and feeling interpretation of the charming ballads which she has made peculiarly her own."

A musical amateur writes to the *Evening Herald*, to know what is the highest note which any professional soprano singer has reached. Mme. Faure reaches with comparative ease E flat. Jenny Lind, we believe, accomplished E. As Matthew Prior's tombstone says, "Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?"

At a meeting held at the Town Hall, Sherborne, on the 26th ult., for the establishment of a Penny Bank, William Macready, Esq., the great ex-tragedian, seconded the first resolution in favour of the establishment of the bank.

Mr. Lennox Horne is lecturing at the Polytechnic Institution, on the "Beggars' Opera." The lecture consists of a biographical sketch of Gay, and an account of the circumstances which gave rise to the "Beggars' Opera;" the composition of the piece; how far its author was assisted by his friends Pope and Swift; whence Dr. Pepusch borrowed the airs of which it is composed, followed, and as the different airs were referred to they were ably illustrated by Miss Roden, Mr. Thorpe Peede, and the lecturer himself.

On Monday night the first general meeting of the Handel Choral Society, Foundling Hospital, took place at the Hospital. The objects of the society are to establish a school for vocalists, by the performance of the choral compositions, both sacred and secular, of classical composers generally, and not for the exclusive study of the great works of Handel only; the name of the "Handel" Choral Society being determined upon in consequence of the connection between the composer and the Foundling Hospital. It was also contemplated to couple the Auxiliary Chapel Choir, now in course of formation. John B. Heath, Esq., the president, said that it was now about one hundred years since Handel prepared for the execution of the oratorio of the "Messiah" at the Hospital. It having been determined that the first practice meeting should take place on Monday next,

when the names of the committee and others would be submitted to those present, Mr. Willing made some remarks relative to testing the fitness of candidates as performing members. At the termination of the meeting a large number of names were enrolled as members.

That accomplished actress Miss Goddard is now playing in Glasgow, and with much success. One of her favourite rôles, *Lucrezia Borgia*, seems to have produced an excellent impression. The *Glasgow Bulletin* is reminded by her attitudes and intensity of declamation of Mme. Ristori. The *Morning Journal* says: "Of the piece itself perhaps the less said the better; but, as a vehicle for the delineation of human feeling and of human passion, from the extreme of hate, jealousy, and revenge, to that of maternal love and womanly sympathy, it afforded the opportunity to an accomplished actress of showing in a natural and simple, and at the same time a most forcible and striking manner, the power of attracting and pleasing her hearers by a simple rendering of that text without rant or interpolation."

An American paper states that the manager of the Boston Theatre having refused admission to a reporter whose criticisms had displeased him, the reporter simply knocked him down, walked in, and took his seat.

The *New York Spirit of the Times* (a journal mainly devoted to sporting) comments freely upon the decline of the drama in England, *a propos* of Mr. Fitzball's absurd autobiography. "How is it," asks this critic, "that persons of Mr. Fitzball's experience can still entertain the idea of the drama ever being a national institution in England? It never was, is not now, and never will be, either there or in this country. It is foreign to the genius and inclinations of both peoples. Moreover, Englishmen and Americans do not know, and never will know, how to keep the stage supplied with plays fit to be acted. Once in a while, a Congreve, Sheridan, Bulwer, or *Bourgeois* may arise, to shed a little native light upon the boards; but to one good piece from such as they, how many bad ones have we to suffer from the pens of dreary people—like Mr. Fitzball for instance?" The last kick is cruel; but might it not be as well that this eminent commentator should understand that Mr. Dion Bourgeois is not usually considered to occupy the first rank among modern English dramatists? It is but fair, however, to admit that what we fear is a very stern piece of truth is to be found towards the close of the article: "The best and most successful managers have been ignorant, business-like men, whose own tastes and comprehensions were on a level with those of the great mass of theatre-goers, and who preferred money-making to either a high grade of performance or the gratification of their own personal fancies."

A Paris correspondent tells an amusing story about the origin of a popular song which now wakes the echoes of every street in Paris. It seems that a short time ago the Prince Imperial, while out with his nurse, was struck by the appearance of some mounted guards, whose *bottes*, or boots, particularly impressed the little man. Upon returning to the Tuileries, he noticed that his august father had on a pair of boots precisely similar to those he had seen, whereupon he exclaimed with true childish delight, "Ah! papa has also *des bottes*." The meaning of this was explained to the Emperor, and the fond father was so gratified, that he repeated the words to several members of the household. In a few hours all the palace was acquainted with the fact, and of course every one was in ecstasies at the sprightliness, wit, and talent it evinced in one so young. The story, it seems, got beyond the palace walls in a very short time, and soon after out came the song of "Les Bottes de Bastien." Had the matter been suffered to rest here it might have been a nine days' wonder, and have soon died out, but the police were not to be balked in that way, so the song was prohibited, and consequently spread all over Paris in a few days, until one night the students of the Quartier Latin sang it in chorus at the Odéon. Perceiving the mischief of making so much of so small a matter, the prohibition was afterwards recalled; but the popularity of the song is irrevocable. Every *gamin* de Paris now bawls it at the top of his voice, and a farce called "Les Bottes de Bastien" is now in rehearsal at the Palais Royal Theatre.

The friends of Herr Reichardt will be glad to hear that after a most successful tour through Germany, Hungary, and Poland, he is now at Berlin in the best of health.

Signor Verdi has left Naples for Rome, where he will bring out his new opera, entitled "La Vendetta del Domino." It was intended for Naples, but was prohibited there.

A few nights ago at Milan the chorus in "Norma" of "Guerra! guerra!" was enthusiastically applauded by the audience at La Scala. When there was a lull the Austrian officers gave unmistakable signs of their adhesion to the warlike sentiment. "Sì, signori, Guerra! guerra!" some of them said, and applauded in their turn.

A Weimar letter states that Liszt has resigned his directorship of the Opera there, in consequence of the coldness with which the "Barber of Bagdad," composed by his pupil Cornelius, was received.

The Equestrian Circus at Warsaw has been de-

stroyed by fire; in a few hours the whole building was reduced to ashes. A number of stags and "learned" dogs perished in the flames. The howls of these poor animals were frightful; but it was impossible to get at them. The horses were saved.

The famous *cantatrice*, Mme. Bosio, was hissed the other night at the Italian Theatre, St. Petersburg, for having a few nights before caused the performance to be changed on pretext that she was ill, and yet gone to a grand party in the house of a princess and sung there as charmingly as ever. The hissing was remarkable for two reasons—first, because no *prima donna* ever before received such a castigation; secondly, because Mme. Bosio had previously been highly esteemed by the Petersburgers.

On Thursday night, the 3rd inst., a new piece called "Montrose" was given in the Court Theatre at Vienna, and the Emperor, with several of the imperial family, went to see it. In one of the scenes an envoy appears, and informs Montrose that Charles II. will be acknowledged King of Scotland if he will consent to swear to the Covenant. On hearing this Montrose waxes very wroth, and rails in good set terms at "the canting hypocrites who would fain place the Church above the State." As soon as the words cited were pronounced there was a perfect storm of applause, which lasted so long that the Court could not fail to remark that a public demonstration had been made against the Jesuits.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At a general monthly meeting held on Monday last, Mr. Wm. Pole, M.A., F.R.S., Treasurer and V.P., in the chair, the Earl of Ashburnham, Mr. John Derby Allcroft, Capt. Augustus T. Hamilton, and Mrs. M. A. Newman Smith, were duly elected members of the Royal Institution. Mr. George F. Chambers was admitted a member of the Royal Institution. The presents received since the last meeting were laid on the table, and the thanks of the members returned for the same.—On Tuesday Professor Owen delivered the third lecture of his course on fossil mammals. The subject was those found in the lower tertiary strata; but he prefaced his observations by reviewing the evidences of pre-existing animal life in the various systems of rock formations to the green sand, wherein indisputable evidences of mammalian life are traceable, though in the lowest form of the marsupial order. The immense chalk deposit had been constructed from living matter secreted in the bodies of polypi in the same manner as coral rocks are now being formed in southern seas. Immediately upon the chalk the lowest of the tertiary strata were deposited, in which the first remains of mammals of a highly organised order were found. The London clay is of the same age and was deposited on the same description of rocks as the strata under Paris, though the latter consist of gypsum (sulphate of lime) instead of clay. It was in the sulphate of lime at Montmartre that Cuvier discovered the bones of mammalian quadrupeds of large size, and by his knowledge of comparative anatomy, he was enabled from a few bones to construct the entire animals in the forms they presented when alive, and to ascertain their nature and habits of life. Professor Owen then described the means by which comparative anatomists are enabled thus to ascertain the structure and the general character of extinct animals from a few scattered fossil bones found in the solid rock. Contrasting the head and forearms of a lion and of an ox, Professor Owen showed that by either commencing with the teeth or with the foot the character of each might be predicted with the certainty of the solution of a geometrical problem. Diagrams of the skeletons of the anolothorium and of the palæothorium, as restored by Cuvier, were exhibited.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—At the Wednesday meeting the paper read was "On the Utilisation of Waste Substances," by Mr. C. Simmonds. After stating that the subject had not received that attention which it demands, the author said he would group the substances of which he was about to speak under the three divisions of animal, vegetable, and mineral. In the woollen manufacture, some of the raw material was wasted, but a large amount of it was made into shoddy, and, being mixed with new wool, was spun, and made into broadcloth, doeskins, and pilot cloths, druggets, and coarse carpeting. It was also used in the manufacture of flock paper; while the woollen rags not good enough for shoddy were employed as manure, particularly in the hop gardens of Kent. The employment of glue-makers' refuse, of the waste arising in the preparation of skins, and other refuse animal substances, were pointed out. Cow-hair from the tanners was used for mats and felt, and in parts of the Continent it was employed as a substitute for horse-hair, and the waste shavings in cutting formed a stuffing material for upholsterers. It was worthy of notice that a chemical process had been discovered for destroying the cotton in mixed fabrics in such a manner as to render the wool reconvertable for future use. After noticing a number of other animal substances which were utilised in some form or

another, Mr. Simmonds passed to the important subject of finding a substitute for guano, remarking that fish, the source of guano, naturally suggested itself. The waste trade, particularly in reference to worn-out garments and rags, was brought under consideration; and this led the author to the almost infinite variety of matters used in the manufacture of paper. Passing to waste vegetable substances, the employment of the refuse of cotton formed a prominent feature. The author gave an account of the application of waste bread, and other similar substances, particularly in Paris, which was remanufactured into bread crumbs for frying fish and other purposes, a portion of it being converted into tooth-powder. It appeared one manufacturer at Paris had realised a considerable fortune by this trade. The care taken in collecting valuable waste metal, particularly gold, was then described, as well as the mode of recovering metallic tin from waste tinplate, by which an important saving was effected.

MUSEUM OF ECONOMIC GEOLOGY.—On Monday Mr. Warrington Smyth delivered his fifth lecture to working men on "The raising of men and ores together with their descent." The lecturer described the various machines used as hoists and lifts. It was calculated that a man could be lowered seventy feet in a minute.

GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION.—On Tuesday evening an address was delivered by Mr. Hyde Clarke, V.P., on the organisation of a continuous geological survey, by local sections or committees of the members, contributing yearly reports on the progress of geology in their districts, which would embrace: Additions to the surveys and maps, by sub-classification of formations; discoveries of new minerals and fossils, and particularly substances suitable for agricultural manures, building, manufactures, or mining; accounts of mines, quarries, wells, cuttings, tunnels, landslips, and other operations by which the strata are penetrated; observations on the wells, springs, rivers, and subterranean water strata; thermal observations; electro-magnetic observations on mineral lodes; records of local earthquakes, as those of the Comrie district, by Mr. Drummond; all phenomena of deposition and abrasion; the effect of agricultural operations on the soil and surface; the result of special inquiries on building stones, or researches for economical substances.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—The transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society for the 14th January, 1859, contain the following papers: "On the Variable Star U. Geminorum," by J. Baxendell, Esq.; "Observations on Donati's Comet," by W. Lassell, Esq.; "Magnitudes of Forty-eight of the Minor Planets for the first day of each month of the year 1859," by Mr. Pogson; "On certain Phenomena in the Motions of Solar Spots," by Mr. Carrington; "Results of the Observations of Small Planets, made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich;" "Extract of a Letter from Prof. R. Wolf, of Zurich, to Mr. Carrington;" "On the Visibility of Donati's Comet," by Mr. Hodgson; "Note on a Method recently proposed by Lieut. Raper for Clearing the Lunar Distance from the Effects of Parallax and Refraction," by Mr. Riddle; "Observations of Donati's Comet made at Haddenham, Bucks," by the Rev. W. R. Dawes; "Note on Saturn and his Rings," by Capt. Noble; "Extract of a Letter from Prof. Wolfers, of Berlin, to Mr. Johnson;" "Observations of Donati's Comet at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope," by Mr. Maclear; "New Planet discovered by Dr. Goldschmidt;" "Elements of Pandora," by Dr. Moller.

HISTORIC SOCIETY OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.—A meeting of the archaeological section was held on Friday evening, the 4th instant, in the Grand Jury Room, St. George's Hall, the Rev. A. Ramsay in the chair. The secretary acknowledged the following donations: "Journal of the Architectural, Archaeological, and Historic Society of Chester," "History of the Parish of Waterbeach," and "Bulletin de la Société Archéologique de l'Orléanais, No. 30." Mr. George Leslie, of Upper Parliament-street, was unanimously elected as an ordinary member of the society. The paper for the evening, "On the Poems of Ossian" (Ossian), by Professor Connellan, of the Queen's University, Ireland, contained a number of arguments and quotations from other authors to show that Ossian was not a Scotchman but an Irishman, and that the poems by Macpherson were fabrications published with a few fragments of Ossian's poems which found their way into the Highlands of Scotland. An interesting conversation followed the reading of this paper, and a vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the proceedings.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.—The Faculty of Medicine in the University of Jena, on the occasion of its jubilee of 300 years, has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine on Sir David Brewster and others, on the ground of their having contributed to the advancement of the sciences auxiliary to that of medicine.

ORDNANCE SURVEY.—Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Geographical Society, J. Locke, Esq., M.P., President of the Institute of Civil Engi-

neers, Professor Miller, &c., attended on Friday, as a commission at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton, to inquire into and report on the process of reducing plans by photography, as introduced and practised by Colonel James, F.R.S., the present director of the topographical depot and ordnance surveys of the War Department.

THE METEOROLOGICAL CONTRIBUTORS TO THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S QUARTERLY RETURNS have presented to Dr. Herbert Barker, of Bedford, a handsome striking skeleton clock, made by Bennett, and upon a marble plinth, bearing the following inscription. Subscriptions were limited to five shillings each, and the inscription sufficiently well indicates the occasion of the testimonial, namely: "Presented to Thomas Herbert Barker, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S., by the officers and members of the British Meteorological Society, and others, as a memorial of their esteem and a recognition of his successful exertions in obtaining for them the re-circulation of the reports of the Registrar-General, which had been withdrawn by a Treasury minute."

VOLTAIC NARCOTISM.—The *Medical Times* publishes some experiments by Dr. Richardson at the Grosvenor-place School of Medicine, in what he designates "Voltaic Narcotism." He found that by applying a narcotic to a part, and then covering this part with a plate connected with the positive pole of the battery and the negative pole at an adjoining point, he could produce complete insensibility. Last week Dr. Richardson exhibited this, and rendered insensible the ear of a dog. On Tuesday he rendered the leg of a dog so completely insensible that Dr. Halford amputated the limb without any expression of pain on the part of the animal.

PARCHMENT PAPER.—At the Royal Institution on Saturday, Professor Miller explained and illustrated the method of making parchment-paper, which possesses nearly the strength of parchment in what he designates "Voltaic Narcotism." He found that by applying a narcotic to a part, and then covering this part with a plate connected with the positive pole of the battery and the negative pole at an adjoining point, he could produce complete insensibility. Last week Dr. Richardson exhibited this, and rendered insensible the ear of a dog. On Tuesday he rendered the leg of a dog so completely insensible that Dr. Halford amputated the limb without any expression of pain on the part of the animal.

AMERICAN AERONAUTS.—According to the *Troy Times* Europe is promised a visit from a couple of rival aeronauts, who expect to make the trip in about sixty hours.

MR. BRUNEL, who is now in Upper Egypt, will visit Suez, at the request of the Viceroy, who is desirous of having his opinion as to the project for transferring the port of Suez to the Bay of Ataka, ten miles south of the present landing-place.

A NEW SUBSTANCE RESEMBLING GUTTA PERCHA.—M. Serres lately communicated to the *Cercle de la Presse Scientifique* certain facts concerning the *Achros balata*, which are not without interest. This tree grows wild in Guiana, Martinique, and the other islands of the West Indies, and its wood is used for building. The juice of the *balata*, dried, forms a light, spongy, rose-coloured mass, which crumbles when rubbed between the fingers. A cake of this substance, which has been recently received at the Museum of Colonial Produce, 244, Rue de Rivoli, from the Governor of French Guiana, is covered with a matter resembling curdled milk, and the outer surface of which has hardened into a pellicle under the influence of the atmosphere. M. Serres, having been requested to examine it, was at first disappointed on finding that although it could be moulded into various forms by the aid of hot water, it nevertheless became brittle again when dry. But after a more attentive examination he discovered that this want of cohesion was owing to a peculiar fatty substance contained in this juice, and after several trials he succeeded in purifying it. The substance thus obtained is more supple and elastic than gutta percha, but less able to resist traction. It softens at a higher temperature than the former, and does not become brittle at any temperature. M. Serres thinks it preferable to gutta percha for moulding, and for covering telegraphic wires with.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, Feb. 14.—Royal Geographical, 8j 1. "Aurora Borealis in Greenland," by J. W. Taylor, Esq. 2. "Discovery by Captain Palliser and Dr. Hector, of *Præcæle Passes* through the Rocky Mountains, within the British Possessions," &c., &c. Communicated by the Right Hon. Sir E. B. Lytton, H.M. Sec. for the Colonies.
Tuesday, 15.—Royal Institution, 3. Professor Owen, "On Fossil Mammals."—Statistical, 3. Mr. Newmarch, on "Electoral Statistics of England and Wales," Part II.—Pathological, 8.
Wednesday, 16.—Society of Arts, 8. Mr. Harry Chester, "On the Society of Arts Union of Institutes, and the examinations connected therewith."
Thursday, 17.—Royal Institution, 3.—Professor Tyndall, "On the Force of Gravity."—Linnæan Society, 8. 1. Professor Huxley, "On the structure of the Integument in the *Crocodylia*." 2. Mr. Macdonald, "On the Anatomical characters of a remarkable form of compound *Tunicata*." 3. Mr. Macdonald, "On the Anatomical characters of an Australian species of *Perophora*." 4. Mr. Walker, "On *Heterocerous Lepidoptera* collected by Mr. Wallace at Singapore."
Friday, 18.—Geological Society, 1. Annual Meeting, and Anniversary Address by Professor Phillips, Pres. G.S.—Royal Institution, 8j. Somerville Scott Alison, M.D., "On certain Auditory Phenomena."
Saturday, 19.—Royal Asiatic, 2.—Royal Institution, 3. Dr. W. A. Miller, "On Organic Chemistry."—Geological Society, 6. Anniversary Dinner.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY

THE London and Middlesex Archaeological Society held an evening meeting, last Wednesday, in the rooms of the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution. The chair was taken by J. Gough Nichols, F.S.A. The first paper read was descriptive of the Roman Camp which was upon the site of the present Barnsbury-square, Islington; on the west side of it part of the old ditch may still be traced. It was described as a square earthwork, and a deep ditch round it, and a raised embankment, upon which was a line of trees on the west side. The chairman expressed a strong doubt as to these trenches to the north of London being in reality camps at all; he thought that they were the sites of moated farm-houses, and that this had been the old grange at Barnsbury, from which the district takes its name. This was succeeded by a paper from the Rev. T. Hugo, on frauds practised by dealers in antiquities, in the fabrication of coins, &c., or in the placing of heterogeneous masses of curiosities in places where excavations are going on, and discoveries are expected to be made, in order that high prices may be obtained for worthless articles, which have a fictitious value, particularly when found in London. Many instances were given of antiquities thus buried to be exhumed before the credulous. Mr. Tennant, the geologist, confirmed the fact, by saying that he was himself acquainted with a man who made large quantities of flint arrow-heads, &c., selling them readily for early British; and to show that naturalists may be deceived as well as antiquarians, he narrated how the same man made false and curious fossils, by joining three or four portions of true fossils together, and so constructing rare varieties for the unwary. The succeeding paper, by Mr. Taylor, was devoted to an account of the parish of Marylebone, ancient and modern; tracing its rapid rise from the comparatively recent period, when the district was meadow land, watered by the Bourne, from which the parish takes a portion of its name. This stream, rising in the north, came down what is now called Marylebone-lane, crossed Oxford-street, near Stratford-place, thence to Conduit-street, and so into the Park, making its way to the Thames. It supplied five conduits, and a fragment of one of them has been discovered within the last few days, nearly opposite Stratford-place, consisting of a sculptural stone with the City arms, and the place visible where the water poured forth.

The Annual General Meeting of the Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society was held on Tuesday, Jan. 25th, at the Guildhall, Norwich, Sir J. P. Boileau presiding; who brought for exhibition some vases from Sicily, and pointed out the distinction between those which were made in Italy Proper and those which were made in Southern Italy or Sicily. The clay of the former was of a much lighter colour, and not of the brown or red tint, and in some instances there was a glaze which was unusually good. A roll of vellum, giving the history of the world, executed in the time of Edward I., was also exhibited; it was decorated with drawings of very curious character. The Secretary gave an unusually good account of the financial state of the Society, and asked for the communication of good papers, which the Society was now willing to print; the fifth volume of their "Transactions" being completed. The Rev. John Gunn and Mr. Harrod having been desired to take into consideration the best means of carrying into effect the proposal to publish a new edition of Blomfield's History of Norfolk, proceeded to detail what they considered the best mode of doing it; it involved a large amount of research and expense, free access to many documents, and particularly to the late Dawson Turner's illustrated copy. Upon this the President expressed an opinion that it would be better to suspend any proceedings in the matter at present; first, because nobody could be found willing to undertake the work; and, secondly, because the sale of Mr. Dawson Turner's illustrated Blomfield was pending. Very clear and cogent reasons for inevitable delay!

An interesting discovery has been accidentally

made in the grounds of Dorchester Castle; at the depth of 4 feet a Roman tessellated pavement was found; one corner had been destroyed. The beautiful centre was fortunately undamaged and entire, as well as the remaining portion of the pavement, together with the threshold. The pavement itself, now measuring 10 feet 5½ inches by 6 feet 2 inches, was transferred to the chapel of the establishment, and placed within the communion rails. A small coin of Constantine the Great was found among the rubbish upon it. It had been constructed in layers of flints, three in number; upon each layer was placed lime concrete to the depth of 6 inches, making altogether a solid bed more than 2 feet in thickness, quite impervious to damp. At a distance of 18 feet from the threshold, in a slanting direction, due east, a pit of rough stones, 9 feet deep, was met with, 4 feet below the present surface. Among the earth with which it had been filled up, charcoal, bones of animals, pieces of Roman pottery, and many fragments of a peculiar kind of vase, were dug up. A wall, 5 feet in length, 4 in breadth, but only 2 in depth, abutted on one side of this pit, and others were found at right angles with it. At one place were discovered several large stones, carefully sawn and dressed, two of which were curiously carved, and a portion of the cement with which the walls of the room were covered had been painted pale green, with a border of marone, and two shades of red. These colours were perfectly fresh when exhumed. Other rooms were subsequently unearthed, and other pavements discovered. The site of these apartments was upon made ground, over which chalk was spread one foot in depth; the whole was entirely covered by a solid mass of flints and cement grouted together, three feet in thickness, upon which the pavements were laid. Many fragments of the painted walls, in good preservation, were here met with—red, bordered with black; white, with a border of black and red. Some remains of tessellated pavement, with a border of a chain pattern, proclaimed the existence of another apartment, but the mosaics were so disarranged that it was difficult to decide what the pattern had been. The centre of this room, however, was composed only of stone-coloured mosaics of a larger size, formed in a circle. The border of the pavement, which was the only vestige remaining, and which was presented to the County Museum, makes the fourth apartment in this suite of rooms.

The great sale of the Hertz collection commenced on Monday last at Sotheby and Wilkinson's, and will continue until the 25th of the present month. The prices generally realised are good, and the first day's sale, consisting of 195 lots (by no means the best of the series), amounted to 819*l*. The first lot, a small figure in green basalt, 3½ inches in height, representing Isis or Nephthys, fetched 6*l*. 6*s*. The gems chiefly set as rings varied in prices from four to six guineas according to their character; an intaglio in sardonyx, representing a full front head of Jupiter Serapis, realised 9*l*; another very similar, very finely engraved in emerald, brought 25*l*. 10*s*.; a third, engraved on an onyx of three strata, fetched 3*l*. 12*s*. A sardonyx representing the Eagle carrying off Ganymede, who bears two spears bound with the *tenia*, was knocked down for 8*l*. A fragment of a head of Juno, similar to the coins of Argos, and engraved on a sardonyx of brown and white strata, one inch in height, sold for 7*l*. A stone of a similar kind, engraved with a figure of Latona flying from the pursuing Dragons, fetched 7*l*. 10*s*.; and a winged head of Medusa, 7*l*. The statues of Divinities were generally of fine style; and the small Minerva we noted last week as a very curious and early work, sold for 10*l*.; another in which her helmet was surmounted with a sphinx brought 15*l*. A youthful statue of Mars, in bronze, so perfectly preserved as to have excited some doubt as to its antiquity among connoisseurs, was sold for 59*l*.; it was 9½ inches in height. A Venus found at Mogla, in Asia Minor, measuring 13½ inches in height, of the purest Greek workmanship, and of undoubted genuineness, sold for 125*l*., the highest price of all. A small silver statuette of the same goddess, 6 inches high, the neck and left arm adorned with rings of twisted gold wire, brought 26*l*. The early Greek vases went high when good; one with three Bacchantes of fine work, brought 15*l*. 10*s*.; another with Heracles and the Erymanthian boar sold for 11*l*.; the finest was the remarkable Amphora, representing Achilles dragging the body of Hector at his chariot back, on one side, and on the other Ulysses, Andromache, and the shade of Patroclus, the names inscribed in early Greek characters, and which sold for 87*l*. The two frescoes formerly belonging to the Duke of Sussex, fetched 12*l*. and 15*l*., while a much less important small figure of a seated nymph in encaustic, from Herculaneum, brought 26*l*.—a proof that the others were not free of suspicion. The cameos of the second day's sale all fetched good prices if fine; and all, without exception, sold fairly. A very fine sardonyx, set as a ring, and being engraved in relief on both sides—a singularity of note—realised 21*l*.; on one side was Cupid bearing the thunderbolt of Jove; on the reverse Dionysius. Another ring, with Cupid in pursuit of Psyche, in the form of a butterfly, sold for 15*l*. A bronze statuette of Mercury, four inches high, brought 5*l*.; and a little silver statuette of the same god, bearing money in his hand, and probably unique, was secured for the British Museum for 20*l*. 10*s*. A very

noble bronze of Mercury, 13 inches high, and of the finest possible character, was purchased by Mr. Walsley for 80*l*.; it was one of the best bronzes in the sale. An early Greek vase, upon which was represented Achilles and Ajax worshipping Minerva, fetched 21*l*. 10*s*., the largest price for any sold on the second day's sale—the entire sum realised on that day being 616*l*. The third day commenced a sale of Babylonian cylinders, all of which went cheap; the dearest costing the British Museum 7*l*. It represented a man adoring a deity. Lot 404, also purchased for the Museum, on which was engraved two armed warriors, only sold for 4*l*. 4*s*. The small Egyptian objects all went at low prices, only one lot, 446, a figure of Bubastis, fetching 5*l*., and bought for the British Museum. The intaglios kept to a steady price. One bust of Venus, in red jasper, sold for 7*l*. 15*s*., a head of Helios for 8 guineas, a youthful Mercury for 6 guineas, Bacchus on a Panther, for 12 guineas, and an Ariadne, formerly belonging to Horace Walpole, for the same price. The highest sum was paid for a sardonyx of fine work, representing a Bacchante, which sold for 31*l*. Among the bronzes, a female votive head sold for 100*l*.; an athlete, 8 inches high, on its original bronze pedestal, sold at the moderate price of 5*l*. 10*s*.; and a bust of Tiberius, 11½ inches high, brought 51*l*. The fictile vases, if good, fetched large prices. A Stamnos, with a figure of Aurora, sold for 36*l*.; and a Kylix, with figures of armed youths, and curious inscriptions which seem to denote it to have been one of the old Greek prizes for personal beauty, sold for 13 guineas. The third day's sale brought 716*l*.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE meeting of the Society of Arts on Wednesday next, will be graced by the presence of the Bishop of London and Lord John Russell, both of whom will speak upon the occasion. A full meeting may, therefore, be expected. The subject for discussion which attracts the right reverend and the noble visitor is the results of the Society's educational movement in connection with the Mechanics' Institutes throughout the country.

The Rev. Canon Mosely has a work in the press entitled "Astro-Theology."

The Rev. H. Highton, M.A., Assistant Master of Rugby School has been unanimously elected Head Master of Cheltenham College.

On Wednesday the 4th inst., a purse of 500*l*. and an address was presented to Mr. Henry Adams, who has been for more than twenty years the editor of the *Derby Reporter* and the *Chronicle*.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold will read the narrative of his life of his father, at Sheffield, on the 28th instant, in aid of the People's College in that town.

It is said that the volumes by Mrs. Gaskell, promised under the title of "Around the Sofa," will consist chiefly of a reprint of scattered stories from the magazines.

In addition to the new serial tale upon which Mr. Charles Dickens is at work, it is said that a short story, also from his pen, will soon appear in *Household Words*.

Yesterday (Friday) at two o'clock, Lord Derby received the combined deputations from the Newspaper and Periodical Press Associations for obtaining the Repeal of the Paper-duty of England, Ireland, and Scotland, together with deputations from the Society for Promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge, and from those Birmingham manufacturers who are so largely interested in the question. We are unable to give an account of what took place before next week.

Mr. Thomas Whitehead, who for several years has filled the office of chief reporter and assistant editor of the *Liverpool Albion*, has been presented with a testimonial by his colleagues of the press and other friends, on the occasion of his leaving Liverpool for Nottingham. The presentation consisted of a coffee and tea service, by Elkington, and was inscribed: "Presented to Thomas Whitehead, by his colleagues of the press and other friends, upon the occasion of his leaving Liverpool. February 5, 1859."

This day (Saturday), at 2 o'clock, the election of a representative of the University of Oxford, in the room of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who has been appointed Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles, will take place in a convocation. It is expected the right hon. gentleman will be unanimously re-elected.

Messrs. Murray, of Glasgow, propose to publish a collection of poems written for the Centenary Festival. They say that they will feel obliged for contributions that have either been written for the Crystal Palace or otherwise—in English or Scotch—to appear under the author's name, or otherwise, as he may express the wish. The contributions are to be submitted to competent editors, and the profits of the publication to be devoted to whatever public object in connection with Burns the majority of accepted contributors may desire.

Gavazzi returns to Ireland to deliver a course of lectures in the provinces in the month of March next. Gavazzi says, that this will be his "farewell visit to Ireland, before starting for Italy, to answer his country's call." In the course of the next week or

ten days, he will deliver his last lectures in London, on the great question of the day—"Italy, by right or treaty?"

The London correspondent of the *Bury Times* says: "The meeting on the paper-duty held at Exeter Hall last week was an enthusiastic one. Among the numerous literary men and journalists on the platform the impression was almost uniform that this session will see it repealed. Among that very powerful knot of newspaper proprietors, editors, &c., there was, however, a feeling of gloom at the sudden death of one who had earnestly worked with them and for them, and who last Monday was interred in the picturesque cemetery at Highgate, Mr. E. T. Fowler, the manager of the *Morning and Evening Herald* and the *Standard*. How widely he was known and how deeply he was loved was touchingly evinced by his being followed to the grave by upwards of a hundred newspaper proprietors, managers, editors, and reporters. Never before was there in Highgate Cemetery so notable an assemblage of men who in wielding the pen and setting the press in motion do more towards the formation of public opinion than any other class."

A series of five lectures is being delivered at the schools connected with St. Stephen, Westminster, founded by Miss Burdett Coutts. The first was given on Friday evening, the 4th inst., by Dr. Trench, the Dean of Westminster, on the Lessons in Proverbs. The wisdom of all ages and countries and peoples was arrayed in illustration and defence of the great truths of morality and virtue. The lectures will be continued each Friday evening, at eight o'clock, for four weeks.

Among the undergraduate body at Oxford the majority in favour of competitive examinations is certainly not overwhelming. At a late meeting of the University Debating Society the question put was—"That the system of electing by competition to appointments in the East India civil service, in the Home Department, and in the scientific branches of the army merits the support of the country." And this was carried by a majority of only one—twenty-seven against twenty-six.

A monthly meeting of the Royal Dublin Society was held on the 3rd inst., L. E. Foot, Esq., V. P., in the chair. The Report of the Council was read, recommending the formation of a fund available for prizes to meritorious pupils in the School of Art. Two donations have already been made by G. W. Seymour, Esq., and J. Hone, Esq., jun., for the same object, and the council recommends a general subscription not exceeding five shillings for each subscriber. The returns of the assistant secretary show that the different schools and the library are in a flourishing condition.

The *Harrow Gazette* calls attention to the fact that an iron railing is wanted to protect a tomb in Harrow Churchyard, which, for some reason or other, bears the name of "Byron's Tombstone," from the encroachments of relic-hunters, and suggests a subscription for the purpose. But, first of all, the public should be informed what the tombstone is, and why it is called Byron's?

On Friday, the 28th ult., a large and influential meeting was held at Beaumaris, with a view to the formation of a literary institute. The chair was occupied by Sir Richard Bulkeley, M.P., and resolutions were passed favourable to the scheme. On Thursday, the 3rd inst., a second meeting was held, at which the plan of the institute was laid before the subscribers, and the whole is expected to be soon in working order.

Referring to the present condition of the press in England, Leigh Hunt writes to the *Spectator*: "What a periodical press does not the United Kingdom possess now, and of what importance is it not felt to Europe itself, checking absolute monarchies, and encouraging the rational advance of peoples! The journal at its head is full of unquestionable statesmanship and the most masterly writing; subject as it is occasionally to caprices of self-will common to the sense of power, as in what it said the other day respecting Burns's commemoration and Scotch nationality. A penny daily press has started up, absolutely competing with that journal in reading and eloquence, as well as news, though there is a youthful tendency to excess in the display of its acquirements, to which pruning might be of advantage. And in the rest of the greater portion of our periodical literature, daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, never at any time during its existence was there anything like the mass of intellectual power which it exhibits."

On the anniversary of the birth of Burns, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered an address on the "Character, Life, and Times of Burns," before the Burns Club, New York. The celebration was observed by the club by a banquet at Astor House. The Burns Anniversary Association also commemorated the event at Mozart Hall by a dinner.

Whilst Englishmen and Scotchmen have been busily engaged in celebrating the memory of Burns, the Americans have been holding a jubilee in honour of their great statesman Daniel Webster. At the dinner given upon this occasion at New York, Lord Frederick Cavendish and Lord Radstock were present, and when the former was called upon to make a speech he is said to have placed on record his affection for America and his reverence for the memory of

Benjamin Webster—the respected lessee of the Adelphi being, doubtless, the only member of the family of whom he had ever heard.

Upwards of 25,000 copies of the pamphlet "Napoleon III. and Italy," have been sold in Paris, and another edition is to be published.

The Paris correspondent of a contemporary announces the publication of a book in praise of the Imperial institutions. The title is "Les Veillées de l'Empire." It is written in a very familiar style, and its object is to prove to everybody "that they are under the wisest possible rule just now, and that they ought to feel grateful for the blessings awarded to them by Louis Napoleon."

A work is about to be published in Paris, entitled "The Duchess of Orleans, her Life and Confidential Correspondence," written by a lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, the daughter of an ambassador under Louis-Philippe.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

- A Kempis's Imitation of Christ, new edit. fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Barrow (Isaac) On the Pope's Supremacy, &c., edit. by Rev. A. Napier, 8vo. 12s. cl.
Barrow (Isaac) Theological Works, edit. by Rev. A. Napier, 9 vols. 8vo. 4s. 14s. 6s. cl.
Bartlett's Footsteps of Our Lord and His Apostles, 4th edit. roy. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Basil (St.), Liturgy of, edit. by Rev. J. M. Neale, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Brown's Exposition of the Parable of the Sower, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Brown's Robertson's Selection of Sacred Music, with Supplement, obg. 3s. cl.
Baynes's Essays, Biographical, Critical, &c. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Beale's Student's Text-Book of English and General History, 3rd edit. revised, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Bible Stories for Young Children, 10th edit. 2 series, sq. 2s. each, cl.
Burn's Illustrations of Carpentry and Framing, 4to. 3s. 6d. cl.
Cambridge Greek and Latin Texts: Euripides, by Paley, Vol. II. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Chevallier (M.) On the Probable Fall in the Value of Gold, trans. by R. Cobden, cr. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Chick-seed without Chick-weed, 34th edit. 12mo. 1s. cl.
Clarke's Carmina Minima, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Clough's Questions on the Collects, Epistles, &c. 2nd edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Cornwall's (Marquis) Correspondence, edit. by Ross, new edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Delamotte's Book of Ornamental Alphabets, 2nd edit. obg. 4s. cl.
Dewar's (D.D.) Communion Services of the Church of Scotland, cr. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Drummond's (H.) Letter to Mr. Bright, 4th edit. 8vo. 6d. 6d. cl.
Elliot's Commentary on Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, with Translation, 2nd edit. revised, 8vo. 6s. cl.
Evans (J.) On Costs, with Forms of Affidavits, &c. 12mo. 4s. cl.
Favourite Story-book for Little Folk, 7th edit. 3 series, sq. 2s. each, cl.
Ferguson's Tables of Interest, 3rd edit. 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.
Fitchall's Michael Schwartz, a Nautical Tale, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Garnett's (Rev. R.) Philological Essays, edit. by his Son, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Garnett of the Isles, and other Poems, by A. and L. fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Grant's (Rev. A. R.) Sermon: The Education of the Poor a Blessing, not an Injury to the Nation, new edit. post 8vo. 6s. cl.
Green on the Diseases of the Air Passages, 4th edition, 8vo. 18s. cl.
Grey's Three Paths, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
Gurnsey's Homoeopathic Domestic Practice, edit. by Thomas, 2nd edit. fcp. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Hardwicke's Shilling Breviary, 23mo. 1s. cl.
Haughton's (Rev. W.) Lecture at Lyven: Not Men, but Measures, 11d. Hewson's Oblation and Temple of Ezekiel's Prophetic Visions, 8vo. 4s. cl.
How to Make a Home and Feed a Family, new edit. fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Jano Eyre, by Currier Bell, new edit. post 8vo. 6s. cl.
Keenpake (The) for the Nursery, 18mo. 1s. cl.
Literary Gazette (The) Vol. I. new series, 4to. 10s. cl.
Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha, illust. 2nd edit. fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.
London University Calendar, 1859, cr. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Lindley's Thoughts on the Policy of the Crown towards India, 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.
Lyra Germanica (Selection of Hymns from), translated by Winkworth, 18mo. 1s. cl.
Marsh's (Rev. W. T.) Home Light, or Life and Letters of Mrs. Wm. Marsh, 2nd edit. fcp. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Marshman's Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, embracing the History of the Serampore Mission, 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. cl.
Moore's Outlines of Veterinary Homoeopathy, 2nd edit. fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Napoleon III. et l'Italie, nouvelle édition, roy. 8vo. 2s. 6d. 6d. cl.
Origin (The) of Christian Tenets: the Jews of Alexandria, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Oxford Pocket Classics: Aristophanes' Comedies, new edit. 2 vols. 18mo. 6s. cl.
Patrick (R. D.D.) Works of, including his Autobiography, edited by Rev. A. Taylor, 9 vols. 8vo. 3s. 14s. 6d. cl.
Pictorial (The) spelling-book, new edit. 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Poems by the Author of Uriel, 2nd edit. fcp. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Principles (The) and Practice of Harmonious Colouring in Oil, Water, and Photographic Colours, cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Ranke's History of the Popes, new edit. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
Ranke's Lectures on Chancery, translated by Maundrell, 8vo. 8s. cl.
Simpson's Linda, or Beauty and Genius, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Smith's Arithmetic and Algebra, 6th edit. crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Spray, Poems, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Thomson's Explanations, with Examples for the Azimuth and Time-proof Plate and Scale, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
True Stories for Young Children, 4th edit. 2nd series, sq. 2s. each, cl.
Stanford's New Map of Parliamentary Divisions and Boroughs, 10s. 6d. cl.
Stanhope's Child's Manual of Good Manners, 18mo. 6d. 6d. cl.
Taylor's (Isaac) Logic in Theology, and other Essays, fcp. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Taylor (A. S.) On Poisons in relation to Medical Jurisprudence and Medicine, 2nd edit. fcp. 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Turrell's Oral Exercises in French Phraseology, &c. 5th edit. revised, 12mo. 4s. cl.
Valentine's (Mrs. S.) Boatswain, or Six Years of Childhood and Youth, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
White's (Rev. J.) History of France, from the Earliest Times to 1648, post 8vo. 9s. cl.
Wormum's Sketch of the History of Painting, new edit. fcp. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Wyon's Poems, fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.

OBITUARY.

CARRINGTON, Henry Edmond, the proprietor of the *Bath Chronicle*, died suddenly at his own house, in that city, on Saturday morning. A local paper says: "Mr. Carrington's first introduction to the press was made some six-and-twenty years ago through the *Sherborne Mercury*, previous to which he was in a bank at Maidstone, Kent. He remained in the capacity of editor of that paper, under the then proprietor, W. W. Penny, Esq., for about a year, when an offer was made to him of the *Bath Chronicle*, and he entered upon a sphere of labour which he successfully pursued until the hour of his death. To good business habits he united suavity of manner and much kindness of heart, and his memory will be cherished with blended feelings of regret for the sudden termination of his career, and respect for his character."

CLEMENT, William, Esq., on the 6th inst., at Roeherville, near Gravesend, aged 51, one of the proprietors of *The Observer* and of *Bell's Life in London*.
MITCHELL, Mr. Charles, on the 8th inst., in the 52nd year of his age, publisher of the *Newspaper Press Directory*.

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—*Victorian Morning Herald*, Nov. 6th, 1858.
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12 Dessert Spoons	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0	2 10 0
12 Tea Spoons	1 18 0	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 18 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	0 12 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 7 0	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 6 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 8 0	0 11 0	0 13 0	0 6 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bl.	0 2 0	0 2 0	0 3 0	0 3 0
3 Pair of Sugar Tongs	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 12 0	1 18 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 12 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 7 0	0 8 0
1 Soup Ladle	0 13 0	0 17 0	1 0 0	1 1 0
1 Sugar Sifter	0 4 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 8 0
Total	11 14 6	14 11 5	17 14 9	21 4 9

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Being free from every hurtful ingredient, they may be taken by
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